TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I like justice, and even when we are dealing with countries with whom we have a feud, it is not necessary that we should be unfair in statements of fact. The daily newspapers have recently been giving, from the reports of the debates on the royal grants, a series of tables intended to illustrate the expenses of monarchy in the various countries of Europe, and, inadvertently no doubt, they have made a comparison with the republic of the United States. Now, no comparison can be made, according to the tables which have been published, with any degree of fairness. Following is the table of expenditure in the United States:

The President's salary and other expenses provided	$ 75,000
Vice-President's salary	8,000
Sixty-six Senators, $5,000 per annum	330,000
Two hundred and ninety-three Representatives in Congress	1,465,000
Traveling allowances for Senators and Representatives	75,000
Allowances for Stationery, etc	44,000
Salaries of State Governors	168,000
Salaries of members of State and Territorial Legislatures	1,250,000
Total	$3,415,000

Following it is an additional list, which is said to be supplemented by large additions in the way of receipts from Crown estates:

The civil list in Germany amounts to	$2,075,000
Austria amounts to	3,875,000
Italy "	3,250,000
Spain "	2,000,000

Then we have given us the following, which is alleged to be a statement of the cost of monarchy in Great Britain:

I. The civil list, voted annually	$1,925,000
II. Annual grants to other members of the Royal family	355,000
III. Viceroy of Ireland	100,000
Total	$2,380,000
Deduct the amount of revenue from the Crown estates, handed by the Queen for her life to the nation on her accession	1,900,000
Annual cost to taxpayers	$ 980,000

It must be remembered that in Great Britain the "faithful Commons" and the "Lords" receive no remuneration for their services. If the members of Parliament and the Lords were paid, as they are in America, the cost would be enormously increased. As will be shown from the list, which I have clipped from the *Empire*, the President and Vice-President only cost $55,000 a year. With due deference to my contemporary I think this is an error; it should be nearly twice that amount if the maintenance of the White House is included. But even placing it at $150,000 a year and comparing it with the expenses of a monarchy separated from the civil lists of the country, it is the most economical showing made in the world, being but $30,000 in advance of the cost of representative monarchy in Canada. Indeed, the Viceroy of Ireland costs nearly twice as much as the President of the United States. While the total amount of expense incurred in governing the United States may be nearly as great as that of Great Britain and Ireland, it must be remembered that of the millions spent in the United States, almost the entire amount goes back to the people, while in the millions spent on monarchy the largest amounts are retained by the ruler himself or herself as the case may be.

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If the civil list of the United Kingdom were increased by the amounts paid to lieutenant-governors and provincial legislatures the comparison would be much fairer. In England the fact that the Lords and Commons work for nothing is not necessarily a feature of monarchy. It is this economy which appears unjust to us on the other side of the Atlantic, insomuch as those who do nothing receive enormous pay, while those who are the real governors of the country receive none at all. What is directly and indirectly annually paid to the President and Vice-President of the United States would not support monarchy in England, Germany, Austria or Russia a month. Therefore, in making such comparisons we should observe the strictest rules of fairness and not endeavor to becloud the issue by the importation of side-issues, which essentially modify the justice of the comparison. In another respect those defending the royal grants have been signally unfair, and that is with regard to the Crown Lands. No matter what practice may have made sacred in England with regard to the ownership of public property being vested in the monarchy, in America the fact that public lands are vested in the people makes us sceptical of the right to deduct from the general expenditure the revenue of property which may in name have belonged to the sovereign, but in reality belongs to the people. Ontario derives its chief revenue from the Crown Lands and if we deduct the amount received from this source we could almost claim that we are governed for nothing. However, in an ordinary statement of assets and liabilities, the people's property, whether it be called Crown or Public lands, is placed as an asset and we have no right to deduct its revenue from the cost of government and claim that the balance is the net expense. The public lands of the United States are enormous in extent. The revenue would cover over and over again the expense of the President and Vice-President's salaries and perquisites, and therefore the comparison is still more unfair when the Crown Lands of England are put as an off-set to the expense of government.

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Of course the Governor-General refused to allow the petition of the pilgrims who waited upon him at Quebec. His action surprised nobody. If we were to be governed, as he said, by petition, it would be a queer sort of government. There is an old saying that a petition could be numerously and influentially signed for the hanging of almost any man in a town. I could guarantee to circulate a petition praying for the execution of the Mayor, aldermen and all the clergymen resident in the city and the people would sign it—not because they knew what it was about, but because they did not know what it was about—but for the simple reason that someone presented a roll of manuscript to which it was convenient for them to append their autographs. Scarcely anybody reads the headings of petitions which they sign. It is said that a petition for the pardon of a convicted murderer was once numerously signed in a county in Ontario, and the man entrusted with the mission of presenting it to the Minister of Justice presented it as a petition asking for his appointment to the position of collector of customs in a prominent port then vacant. This is a fact, and the murderer was hanged, while the unscrupulous individual who proved treacherous to those who entrusted him with the petition received the appointment he sought. Petitions amount to very little, and the Governor-General took the proper view of the case. However, it was just a trifle outside of his line when he presumed to lecture his petitioners. But we must remember that he lectured the French-Canadians in the same vigorous manner when the St. Jean Baptiste Society addressed him. The petition in this instance was the rubbishy output of a lot of people who wanted to make a kick and didn't know just exactly how to do it. It was largely engineered by those who desired to injure the government, and the feeling that this was the case prevented the signatures from being as numerous as they otherwise would have been. I am strongly opposed to the Jesuits' Estates Bill becoming a law, but not one whit more objectionable is this bill than would be a Methodists' Estates Bill or a Baptists' Estates Bill or an Anglican Estates Bill. Under our system of government I see no other way of getting at the Act, but there is a very good way of getting at the actors—those who voted in Parliament for the allowance of this objectionable measure. In Ontario the majority of them will be martyrs to their fidelity to Sir John and Mr. Laurier, but in the nominating conventions the revenges which the people could not accomplish elsewhere will be brought about. For six years I have been urging the reconstruction of our constitution which makes these things possible. Until it is revised they will continue to be, and we must not grumble so much at Parliament as at our own apathy. Lord Stanley has simply done his duty. He has done it in a manly way and proved that he is not afraid to state his mind and stay within the functions of the constitution. A governor sent to us by Great Britain who could nullify Acts of Parliament would be a nuisance and a tyrant, and that Lord Stanley refuses to adopt such a role is to his credit. The fact that the objectionable measure becomes law will not be charged against him but against ourselves, for we have within our power to amend a constitution which does not seem to work as smoothly as we might desire. There is no reason why our Governor should be made a scape-goat for our own sins.

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The *Globe* is much exercised because Sir Charles Tupper has accepted a position on the Council of the Imperial Federation League. It imagines that "the presence of the High Commissioner of Canada compromises the Dominion and is doubtless intended to do so." I fail to see where the High Commissioner compromises himself by becoming a member of the council of a league which has for its intention the consolidation of the British Empire. If we are a part of the British nation, Sir Charles Tupper cannot be charged with dereliction of duty, insomuch as he joins in an advisory body which has for its end closer relations between the Colonies and the Motherland, and the establishment of an executive body which will give us a voice in the wars and the expenditures of the system of which we form a part. It must be an extreme party feeling which dictates such a sentence as this:

> For what purpose did Sir John Macdonald drive his High Commissioner to this folly? It may be an acknowledgment of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's ascending influence at Ottawa, or it may be that Sir John wishes to placate the Tory Orangemen; it may be that he really intends to cry up Imperial Federation by way of opposing Unrestricted Reciprocity, or it may be that a plot to subordinate Canada once more to Downing street has been cooked up between the British and Canadian Tory Premiers. In any case Canadians have reason to complain that the High Commissioner has so compromised the country, and the more serious may be the Ottawa intent to aid the great Jingo scheme the more reason for complaint by the electors. With much curiosity and some patriotic alarm we await Ottawa explanations of the High Commissioner's amazing conduct.

When the *Globe* considers that it is not treasonable to urge reciprocal trade arrangements with the United States, when it believes that Canada would be benefited by becoming practically a part of the United States, when it has no apology to offer for its advocacy of the consolidation of North America (which means that we drop all the glorious traditions of Britain, that we forego our portion of its victories, that we abandon the position for which our fathers fought that we may send a few surplus products to Yankee markets at a small advance in price), it comes with strange grace to argue that Sir Charles Tupper has been disloyal to the Dominion and its interests by accepting a position on the council of a league which has no more sinister purpose than that the British Empire may close up the channels of trade which now supply England with its breadstuffs, and give Canada and other colonies a chance to profit by the trade which has heretofore gone to foreign and antagonistic countries. It seems to me that Sir Charles Tupper has in this matter acted in the interests of the people, he has acted as any citizen of this great empire should be proud to act, has made a movement in the direction in which everyone who believes in Canada's ultimate greatness and most fortunate development will be delighted to see him go. What superlative cynicism is exhibited in the last sentence, "with much curiosity and some patriotic alarm we await Ottawa's explanation of the High Commissioner's amazing conduct. We can admit the "much curiosity," but it is difficult to allow that the *Globe* feels even "some patriotic alarm;" and it is still more difficult to imagine what there is in the conduct of the High Commissioner which justifies the exclamation of "amazing conduct."

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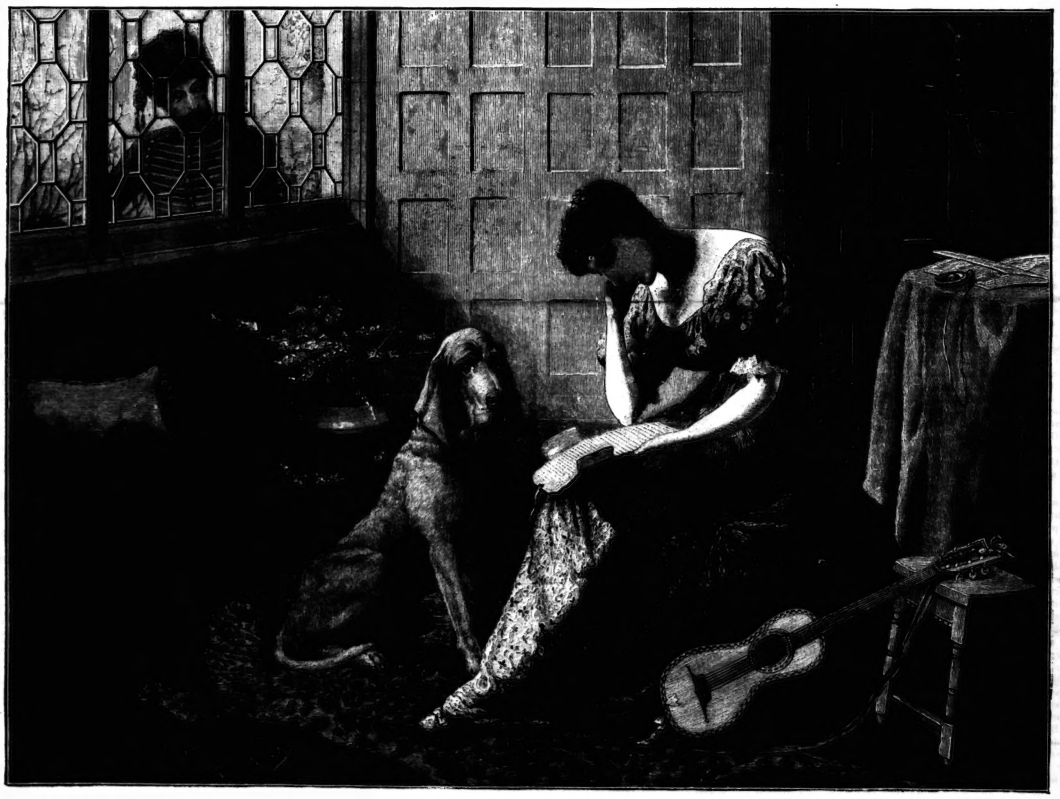
When it was announced that Rev. Dr McGlynn had been secured to give another lecture on Wednesday last a good many people regarded it as a somewhat dubious undertaking. Midsummer weather is not favorable for indoor lectures and a great many who would otherwise have been in attendance were out of the city. Nevertheless the result has fully justified the foresight of the Anti-Poverty Society in venturing upon a second lecture



HIS LAST LETTER.

despite of seasonable drawbacks. The success attendant upon an undertaking which under ordinary circumstances would have been foredoomed to failure, is a striking proof not merely of the popularity of the speaker, but of the hold which the social question is taking upon the public mind. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but the contrast between the eloquent ex-priest and the founder of the movement, Henry George, is one that naturally suggests itself. These two men, so much alike in their views, have very different modes of presenting the question. Both are eloquent, forcible and effective. But Mr. George appeals mainly to the reason—Father McGlynn principally to the emotions. The author of Progress and Poverty presents most prominently the economic side of the question—while Dr. McGlynn deals rather with its religious and philanthropic aspect. Henry George uses scientific terminology. He addresses himself principally to men whom he assumes to know something at least of the rudiments of political economy. One reason of the ex-priest's success with popular audiences is that he takes nothing for granted, uses the very simplest language, and by frequent repetitions of the same thought in varying forms makes the doctrine so clear and plain that the most illiterate man among his auditors can grasp his meaning. Henry George would be the more successful propagandist in addressing an audience of scholars, thinkers and men of the world, but he can't hold a candle to the Doctor in carrying conviction to the hearts and minds of the "plain people" and arousing their enthusiasm.

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I am pleased to see that the Citizens' Association are carrying on a vigorous campaign with the object of securing the Esplanade against the encroachments of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is to be feared that many of the citizens have a very inadequate idea of the scope and objects of the association. I find from conversation with a number of people that the prevalent notion is that the organization was merely formed to fight the C. P. R. Considering the disgraceful condition into which our water front has been allowed to fall it is hardly surprising that some, entertaining this wholly erroneous view of the purpose of the organization, are disposed to say: "Well, if the city is going to do no better with the Esplanade than it has in the past, what is the use of opposing the Canadian Pacific. Better let them have it—they will at least put it into creditable shape, even if they do reap the profit." If the Citizens' Association had no further object than merely to offer a dog-in-the-manger-like opposition to the big monopoly, there might be something to be urged for this view. But such a limited conception of the scope of the movement is altogether unfounded. The struggle with the C. P. R. to keep the city's rights in the water front intact is merely an incident of the work cut out for the Citizens' Association—not its main reason for existence. As will be seen by a reference to the resolutions adopted, the programme is a much more extended one than a mere fight to keep the encroaching monopolists within due limits. It contemplates the complete and satisfactory settlement of the entire Esplanade problem, so as to secure the city's rights, give the railroads every reasonable facility and secure access to the water front without the present peril to life and limb. It would indeed be a lame and impotent conclusion should the association simply rest satisfied with repelling the extravagant demands of the C. P. R., and then permit the present disgraceful and scandalous condition of the water front to remain unaltered. But nothing short of a full solution of the vexed question will, for a moment, be entertained by the association.

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At this season when the tide of summer travel is at it height the usual complaints are heard about the prevalence of the practice of tipping and the extortion of hotel servants and others, who make themselves very disagreeable unless the blackmail is duly paid. These complaints are getting to be an old story, but no practical remedy appears possible. The occasional strong minded man, or woman more frequently, who refuses to tip on principle, simply makes a martyr of himself or herself, is neglected, badly served or perhaps insulted by greedy and insolent waiters and is powerless to reform the practice. Tips are an extortion of course, and it is a gross imposition that travelers who pay full prices for all accommodations should be virtually compelled to pay the wages of hotel servants in addition, but, as Boss Tweed aptly put it, "What are you going to do about it?" There is no practical answer. The fact is that despite all the newspaper protests, many travelers, especially those who have more money than they know what to do with, and the larger class of those who ape them, like to tip, they like the increased deference, servility and attention which a reputation for being free with their money secures. The landlords like it because it reduces their expenses and they can hardly be expected to take active measures to suppress the practice. As to the bulk of the traveling public, they must grin and bear it or cease to travel. Tipping is simply one of the numerous manifestations of the growth of an inordinately wealthy, and therefore, luxurious and extravagant class—a very incidental feature of the great social change that is coming over the life of this continent. There is no use in complaining of what is only a symptom.

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This week a few people have generously sent in their dollars to assist in giving the poor children of this city the luxury of fresh air and an outing. I would like to see the quarters and ten cent pieces being offered as well as the dollars. So far sufficient has been collected to give five hundred children a day's outing. Remember that for every dime invested one child receives an excursion. Following is the list of contributors this week:

Previously acknowledged	$33 50
Mrs. J. H. M.	10 00
"Hatter," N. W. T.	1 00
Employes of Kennedy & Douglas	2 00
A. E. N.	1 00
Mrs. Meldrum	1 00
Harry B. Meldrum	1 00
Regular Subscriber	2 00
	$51 50

Social and Personal.

The great event of the Island this year, was the second annual tournament of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association on last Saturday, but to make the event complete in every way, the committee arranged for an At Home on Monday evening, which, it may be said, in speaking of At Homes, is to be ranked as among the most pleasant it has been our duty to chronicle. The R. C. Y. Club offered their spacious and well appointed building on the Island to the aquatic association. The billiard table was taken out of the billiard-room and the folding doors between it and the reading-room thrown wide open, thereby giving a very large hall.

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When Col. Sweny, as president of the association, took the chair, the rooms were filled to overflowing. In his opening remarks the president referred to the very tender age of the association and to what it is accomplishing for so youthful an institution, touching on its endeavors to encourage among those resident on the Island a love of aquatic sport, and a means to induce the young people growing up to enter for the many manly accomplishments honest sport begets. In referring to the events of Saturday and its results in a monetary sense for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children, as all the reports were not then in he regretted not being able to state the amount that would be handed in to the little ones.

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A programme was then opened by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis with Chopin's Military Polonaise, which was rendered in true artistic style, giving the composer's own reading. Mr. J. F. Thomson's song, The Old and Young Marie, brought as encore Over the Fields and Far Away. Mr. Paul Jarvis, who has so often, during the summer, helped to entertain the friends of the Association at their weekly hops, again gave one of his happy recitations, Why Uncle Mose Quit the Stage, which elicited so much applause that Mr. Jarvis gave as advice to the young ladies present, Don't be "a Sister" to Him. The *piece de resistance* of the evening was Mrs. J. F. Thomson's own favorite air, Una Voce Poco Fa, by Rossini. When Mrs. Thomson came forward she received an ovation and deservedly so, for her many kindnesses extended to all during the season. The low ceiling gave a poor chance to the clear notes of the song, but for all that it was so thoroughly appreciated that Mrs. Thomson yielded to the call for an encore and sang most sweetly Home, Sweet Home. Mr. Grant Stewart was down for a song, but as his music had not arrived, he gave in its place a recitation, The Bells. Mr. I. K. Parr in his impersonation of Henry Irving in his great play, The Bells, was very realistic and received a full meed of appreciation. Mr. Louis Bacque acted as accompanist and did not a little to the great success of the best entertainment ever held on the Island.

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At this point of the programme, the various medals were presented by Mrs. Sweny, and as every victor received his prize he was loudly applauded. Mrs. Thomson, and Mr. Grant Stewart then sang a duo, the last number on the programme, Master and Scholar, and being called on for an encore, sang the last part again.

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The president then referred to the kindness of the R. C. Y. Club in tendering the association the use of their house, and instructed the secretary, Mr. James P. Murray, to write the club a letter of sincere thanks for the efforts put forth to make the evening a success. He also referred to the kindness of Mr. John Earls of the G. T. R., for lending the booms used to mark off the water course. Honorable mention was made of Mr. Frank Rolph for the many ways he had helped throughout the season.

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The room being then cleared of chairs, dancing was kept up with spirit for the rest of the evening—or rather, night. Among those present, besides those already mentioned, were Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. George Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Jr., Mrs. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Walker, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Kirkland, Miss Bostwick, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Miss Louson of Montreal, Miss K. Hutchinson of London, Ont., Miss Wey, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Armour, the Misses Heward, the Misses Jarvis, Miss Meredith and the Misses Despard of London, the Misses Parsons, Miss Nellie Parsons, Miss Bostwick, Miss Gimson, the Misses Drynan, Dr. Geikie, Miss Geikie, Mr. Hirschfelder, Miss N. Macdonald, Miss Frances, Miss Hardy, Mrs. Duncom of Chicago, Miss Lowndes, Dr. Nattress, Dr. Covernton, the Messrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. J. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mr. Atcheson, the Misses Dixon, Mr. McMillan, Mr. Muntz, Miss Pearson, Miss Field and others.

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Sir John Macdonald, who is spending his holidays at Riviere du Loup, is in particularly vigorous health. He will not return to the Capital until August's sultry days are past.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson arrived home from Europe on Tuesday. Sir David's health has been much improved by his European visit.

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Mr. G. Mercer Adam, the well-known journalist, met with a painful accident on Saturday night. When passing along an unlighted portion of Sullivan street where some new buildings were being erected, he inadvertantly took the wrong side of the board structure erected to protect passers-by. In endeavoring to regain the sidewalk he stumbled on a stump and wrenched his leg at the knee very severely. Mr. Adam was about to set out for the Northwest on a journalistic tour, but will be unable to do so now for some time.

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On Wednesday at St. Stephen's Church, Mr. Henry P. Holm, chief accountant of the Montreal branch of the Ontario Bank, was wedded to Miss Tottie, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Mercer Adam. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. J. Broughall, M. A., in the presence of a number of relatives and friends and the usual circle of outsiders attracted by the interesting and pretty scene. The pretty bride was charmingly dressed in a costume of white silk and wore a directoire hat of white illusion and flowers instead of the conventional cap and veil. She was given away by her father, who was able to be present, notwithstanding the accident he had met with on Saturday night. The bridesmaids were Misses Florence and Maud Adam, who wore becoming dresses of white cashmere, with bright-colored sashes and white sailor hats. The groom was supported by Mr. W. R. Moffatt of the Ontario Bank, while the bride's brothers, G. G. and Herbert Adam officiated as ushers. After the ceremony the party took luncheon at Mr. Adam's residence on Spadina avenue. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Lovell, Mr. and Miss Caverhill of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lovell of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Post of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Linton of East Saginaw, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Moore, and Dr. and Mrs. Morrison of Hamilton, Mr. Wm. Whyte of Edinburgh, Scotland, ex-Mayor and Mrs. Garrett of Niagara, Mrs. and Miss Howgill, Mr. and Mrs. William Gibson and Mrs. Lampman of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lovell Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Fulford Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lovell, Mrs. Gibson, sr., and Mrs. Wishart Adam of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Macdonnell, the Misses Denison, Mrs. and Miss Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Ambery of Brocton, Principal and Mrs. Dickson of Upper Canada College, Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Broughall, the Misses Dupont, the Misses Harris, Miss Mabel Bright, Miss Madge Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, Mr. W. R. Moffatt, the Messrs. Ernest and Charles Arnoldi of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. ("Seranus") J. W. F. Harrison, Messrs. W. R. Sweeney, Ernest Andrews, T. Henderson, and W. Williamson of Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stevenson of Napanee. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. Particularly noticeable were a case of silver dessert and tea spoons and forks, from Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith; an elegant bracelet pin set in pearls, and ring in pearls and diamonds, also bracelets for the two bridesmaids from Mr. White of Edinburgh; a case of beautifully chased teaspoons in silver, for five o'clock tea, from Mr. and Mrs. F. Arnoldi; a silver-mounted salad bowl, from Mr. and Mrs. Dickson. After the wedding breakfast the happy couple set out for Alexandria Bay, Quebec, and the Saguenay.

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The touring members of the Toronto Cricket Club returned to town on Monday morning last, looking brown as berries from frequent exposure to the rays of old Sol. His Grace the Duke of York speaks in the most enthusiastic manner of the reception given the team by the Halligonians and the military. Aubrey Winston says it was simply gorgeous. W. W. Jones maintains a discreet silence on the subject, but a most expressive twinkle in his eyes speaks volumes as to his enjoyment of the last fortnight. Lyon Lindsey is seriously thinking of packing up his traps and leaving at once (if not sooner) for a permanent stay in the city that looks on the vessel rid waters of Bedford Basin. Bob Shanley and Cassimer Dickson when last heard of were down in a coal pit at Springhill Junction in Nova Scotia. Fleury is *flourishing* (ahem!) somewhere betwixt Toronto and the east but no one knows his exact whereabouts. Arthur G. Brown, the popular manager of the team, doesn't think he will be able to drop the foreign accent he has acquired during the past two weeks, and the balance of the team, headed by Mosson Boyd, are utterly incapable of any further exertion than gathering each afternoon at the club pavilion and reiterating the glorious time they had in the city by the sea.

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A romantic marriage is always interesting to every one in the community. Such an one was the wedding of two Torontonians, Mr. T. R. Morrow and Miss Pearsall, daughter of that veteran sportsman Mr. George Pearsall of Yonge street. Mr. Morrow's home is in Vancouver, B. C., and he and his charming bride met on neutral ground, Kamloops, last week where the marriage took place. The bride's traveling dress, I hear, was a very handsome one, ashes of roses color, embroidered trimming with bonnet to match. Mrs. Morrow's voice will undoubtedly be very much missed at our local concerts where her singing used to be much appreciated, but Toronto cannot have all the youth and beauty of the country. What is Toronto's loss in this case is Vancouver's gain.

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Rev. J. P. Lewis of Grace Church has been distinguishing himself as a mountain climber. With two companions he made the ascent of the famous Cascade mountain, near Banff, on July 23, and succeeded, after immense labor in attaining an altitude of 10,000 feet.

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The Toronto Lacrosse Club's fete in the Rosedale grounds on Monday evening to raise funds for a new club house will be worth seeing. Let the supporters of the national game be encouraged.

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Mrs. Grantham, and her nieces, the Misses Shanklin, are summering at one of the fashionable seaside resorts, Bic, below Quebec.

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Mr. Clarence S. Shanklin of Chicago spent a few days in the city last week, and sailed per steamship Aurania on Saturday last for a three months' tour in Europe.

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Miss Cross and her sister, Miss Alice of St. Catharines, are the guests of Mrs. Capreol of Clarence square.

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Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Alger of New Fort Barracks left last Saturday for St. Catharines, en route for Montreal, per steamer Persia.

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Miss Nora Clench, the talented young Canadian violinist, has returned from Leipsic. She is expected to make her *debut* in this city in the fall.

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A very pleasant affair was the wedding on Tuesday, Aug. 6, of Dr. A. Y. Scott, Science Master, Upper Canada College, late of the Queen's Own Rifles, and Miss Ritchie, late of Beith, Scotland. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's mother, Victoria avenue, Eglinton, by Rev. Mr. Freeman of Deer Park, and after the couple had been duly felicitated by the company, and ample justice done to one of Webb's famous spreads, the happy pair left, keeping their friends still in ignorance of their honeymoon destination, amid the customary salvos of canister and grape in the shape of rice and old shoes, and in blissful unconsciousness of a bootfull of rice which had been carefully set on the top of their carriage by a waggish guest just at the last moment. The toilets of the ladies were, as usual, almost as fascinating as themselves, not to be by me described, as the wings of my Pegasus are callow. The bridesmaids were Miss Jane Ritchie and Miss Scott, sisters of the bride and groom, while the groom was sustained by Dr. W. J. Logie of London, and Mr. J. T. Fotheringham of Upper Canada College. Among the guests were Mr. Scott, father of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. George Marks and Miss Lillian Marks of Deer Park, Miss Burnside, Miss Simmers, Mrs. and Miss Kent, Miss Paton, Miss Mary Paton, Mr. Law Paton, Mr. J. O. Anderson, Mr. George Brown, Miss Bethune and Miss Lizzie Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Rev. G. S. and Mrs. Freeman, Mr. R. M. Hamilton. The presents of the bride were numerous and handsome. The wedded pair on their return take up their residence in Dr. Scott's house in Rosedale.

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A very jolly and pleasant party of moonlighters went out on the steam yacht Rescue last Tuesday night, landing at Long Branch, where music and dancing were indulged in. After complimenting Mrs. Hirschfelder on the success of the evening, the party returned in the small hours of the morning. Among those present were Miss Lilly and Maud Despard, Miss Mabel Hooper, Miss Stein, Miss Howard, Miss Fuller, Miss Watson, Messrs. Bourlier, Woods, Dr. Geikie, Boddy, P. Jarvis, Hirschfelder, Robinson, Newman, McLean.

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The residents of Balmy Beach intend having a good time on Monday, the Civic Holiday. An elaborate programme of aquatic sports has been arranged for the occasion. A band has been engaged for the day and a camp fire concert in the evening.

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Miss Tuson returned to Montreal last Tuesday morning and will be greatly missed at the Island concerts at which her fine voice was often heard.

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Dr. and Mrs. Allen of Carlton street returned last Monday after having spent their honeymoon on the continent, and will shortly take up house in their new one which has been building while they were away.

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Mr. F. S. Jarvis is in town on leave of absence after having been five years in the North West Mounted Police.

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Mrs. C. and Miss Birdie Dunn, Mr. W. M. and Miss Clara Fahey, and Mr. Alf. Blackburn have returned from Macassa Point, Lake Rosseau.

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A quiet and pleasant gathering assembled on Tuesday, August 6, in Bond street Congregational Church, to witness the marriage of Mr. John Henry Webber to Miss Alice Maude, daughter of J. B. Jones, Dominion Steamship Line. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Wild. The bride was attired in her traveling dress of French blue, with trimmings to match. Her sister, Miss Louisa, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. J. M. Ridley as best man. The happy couple left at 2 p. m. by the Cibola for New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. The presents were numerous and costly.

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Mr., Mrs. and Miss Sewell, will spend two weeks at Hanlan's Island.

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A most enjoyable ball was given at the Beaumaris hotel on Thursday, July 25. The attendance was very large, including guests from Port Sandfield, Maplehurst and Bracebridge. It was generally remarked of the fair sex that seldom had so much beauty been gathered in any ball-room. Thanks to the kindness and good taste of the ladies, the large ball-room looked splendid, being profusely decorated with flags, evergreens and flowers. The music on piano and violin was excellent, and dancing was kept up vigorously till long after midnight. The next ball will take place on Monday night. There will be a grand regatta at Beaumaris on Wednesday, August 14, which promises to be a great success. A large number of good prizes will be given.

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The following guests have registered at the Beaumaris Hotel: Mr. W. A. Harvard, Mr. G. C. Lillie, Mr. P. Haldane, Mrs. G. Jarvis, nurse and two children, Mr. A. Mackenzie, Mr. E. Jenkinson, Mr. J. Walker, Mr. B. Walker, Mr. E. Dwyer, Mr. T. L. Morison, Mr. R. A. Morison, Mr. A. H. Cassells, Mr. A. F. Riddell, Mr. G. W. Badgerow, Mr. S. H. Gray, Mr. Samuel May, Mr. U. Mulock, jr., Mr. T. J. McIntyre, Mr. J. Neil, Mr. G. Nattress, Miss Paterson, Miss Roger, Miss Edith Roger, Mr. G. Ince, Mr. T. J. Bright, Mr. H. Proudfoot, Mr. F. E. Luke, Mr. R. H. Ramsey, jr., Mr. F. W. Christie, Mr. W. Medland, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McArthur of Toronto; Mrs. John Barr, Mrs. J. A. Barr, Master J. H. F. Barr, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fearman, Mrs. Chester Fearman, Miss F. Fearman, Miss E. Fearman, Mr. G. Fearman, Mr. W. Fearman, Mr. E. M. Fearman, Mrs. Holbrook, Miss McPhie, Miss Ethel McPhie, Mr. W. Crisp, Mr. A. H. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Domville, Miss Domville, Mr. A. B. Patterson, Mr. H. M. Patterson, Mr. P. Domville, Mr. W. H. Southam, Mr. L. A. Moore, Mr. A. D. Garrett and Mrs. John Garrett of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Beck of Brampton, Mr. John Gayfer of Ingersoll, Mr. E. Evatt, Mr. G. B. Hall of Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. East of Alleghany City, Pa., Mr. H. S. Jenkinson of Detroit, Mich., Mr. T. R. Spence of Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Elliott Rogers, Mr. J. Rogers McCreery, Mr. J. W. Pears, Prof. D. C. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. S. Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. E. O'Neil, Mr. Chauncey O'Neil, Miss Esther O'Neil, Miss Florence O'Neil and maid of Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. J. Ross, Mr. A. J. Ross, Mr. J. W. Bundy, Mr. W. H. Weber, Mr. Alfred Sayger of Waterloo; Mrs. F. T., Hubbard, Miss Hubbard, Miss Alice Hubbard, Mr. C. S. Reynolds, Mr. B. W. Foley of Covington, Ky., Mr. A. W. McVittie of Kootenay, Miss E. Morison, Miss K. Crawford, Miss B. Beley of Rosseau.

•

Mrs. R Pearson, Miss Pearson and Master B. Pearson, are spending the summer on Muskoka lakes.

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The following are at the Summit House, Port Cockburn, Muskoka: Miss M. Milligan, Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Carmichael, Dr. Buchan and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lake, Miss Scott, Mr. F. W. Maclean, Mr. E. W. Morphy, Dr. and Mrs. Machell, Miss Hillary, Mr. H. Taylor, Mr. H. Howell, Mr. W. A. Hunter, Mr. F. J. Morphy, Mr. H. E. Sewall, Mr. J. B. Creighton, Mr. M. H. Ryan, Mr. W. G. Milligan, Mr. G. A. Keith, Mr. J. M. Maloney, Mr. W. Ledley, Mr. J. B. Wilmot, Rev. Leroy and Mrs. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Black and family, Mr. Duncan Macdonald, Mr. Arthur Macdonald and Mr. E. G. Staunton of Toronto.

•

Mr. R., Mrs. and Miss Simpson are at the Grand Hotel de Saxe, Brussels, Belgium.

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The following Torontonians are at Paignton House, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka: Miss Nicol, Miss Wiesfunal, Miss Grivars, Mrs. and Miss Bertha Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Magill, Mr. Wm. Jefferson, the Misses Hunter, Misses Church and Tottendele, Mrs. Fudger and family, Mrs. Wickens and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gemp and family, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty and family, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons and family, Mrs. Meacham, the Misses Crawford, Mrs. Sutherland Stayner and family, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward and Mrs. Staverty.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor, Grenville street, have gone to Chicago on a short visit to Colonel Taylor, father of Mr. Taylor.

•

Mr. and Mrs. George Bell and family are spending the summer at their cottage, Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

•

After a short visit in the east Mrs. E. J. Lennox, three children and nurse accompanied by Miss Lennox, go for a six weeks' sojourn at Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

•

Mr. D. A. Pender and family, Miss Lockington, Mr. G. J. Bennett and family and Miss McVity of Toronto are at Lawrence House, Old Orchard Beach.

•

Mr. D. Archibald and family are spending the summer at their pleasant little island Minnie-Wa-Wa, in Lake Rosseau, with Mrs. Parmley and children, Miss Carter, Miss Birdie Rogers and Mr. Ben. Pearson as guests.

•

At the Robinson House, Big Bay Point, are Mr. Cox, Mr. W. Attwood, Mr. Ivens, Mr. E. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Young and child,

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

FOR AN

Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

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WATCHES
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The Old Organ Grinder.

What a delightful day I have spent! a solitary day, indeed, yet so crowded with past memories that I lived again in sunny Italy, and wandered pleasantly through her dim old cities. All this I owe to an old Italian organ grinder—that pest of the suburbs of large towns! Yes, here in Toronto, far away from the shores of his blue Mediterranean, for on asking him whence he came, he answered (with a rap on his chin signifying hunger in Neapolitan pantomime) *da Napoli*. There he was turning his ridiculous old instrument with lean brown fingers grinding out most unmeloliously Only a Pansy Blossom (save the mark). There was another old man with him, going bareheaded in the sun, with eyes anxiously thrown from door to window, at which latter he spied me and at once stopped while his companion struck up St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, that anything but Italian aria. Did he read my nationality in my face I wonder? Once a friend (?) told me I carried the map of Ould Ireland on my phiz, a doubtful compliment surely when one looks at the anything but classical features of Biddy in the kitchen. Well, it may be so, and in that case I cannot exclaim with the poet:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

My purse is a lean one, leaner than usual that sunny morning but the cry "Parita" in that sweetest of tongues stole my last small coin. Povero lazzarone; how his sharp old eye twinkled as he saw the tiny bit of silver shining on the grass; with what a courtly bow did his companion turn with renewed energy the crazy old organ on its one leg, and unfold to my listening ear the doubtful beauties of Climbing up the Golden Stair, with a wrong bass, and little squeaky variations, which bore about as much similitude to the original air as the Priest in his Boots to The British Grenadiers. And yet—ah me! how vividly he brought to my mind one such sunny day in dim, sad old Venice, that mistress of the sea, looking out over the Adriatic like some grand goddess rising from the bosom of the deep, watching with sad eyes her decaying splendor. I thought of that long-past day when I sat on the piazza of San Marco, and saw just such another poor old lazzarone, only dirtier and lazier than this one, grinding out Verdi's hackneyed but ever beautiful A che la Morte, and I thought what a blot he and his fellows made near that most wonderful and graceful of cathedrals, and the memory of a certain gilding journey in a certain gondola with somebody—Ah! that somebody!—came upon me, and a tear (for I am only a woman) rolled down my cheek, a tribute to thee, oh beautiful, silent Venice, with thy low dark bridges crowded with shops, and thy one immortal Bridge of Sighs, where one needs must pause to think how near the palace lies the prison. Naples too, whence came this miserable old man! *O dolce Napoli!* that any spot so lovely could have been the birth place of anything so poor and wretched! And yet hundreds of lazzaroni lie asleep in the sun on piazzas, and in archways, everywhere—everywhere! Naples would hardly be Naples without her beggars.

Well, well, I thank thee, poor old magician, for the pleasure thou hast given me, well was it for me, my friend, that my purse was but an empty thing, for strongly tempted should I have been to give thee, had I possessed it, yet another small coin, a poor return indeed to thee who evoked for me those sweet forgotten nights in Venice, with her ghostly silent streets echoing the low musical cry of the gondoliers. I wonder if in this bright Canadian city, this fair and happy Toronto, that poor old organ grinder woke in any other breast such golden memories of days passed as only in Italy they can be passed. If so "verily and indeed he hath his uses."

KIT.

Ball Gowns Worn by the Best Dressed English Girls.

I read from time to time a great many descriptions of ball gowns, and have several fashion plates which are of the greatest assistance; but still, the actual construction of the gowns worn by the best dressed girls at the innumerable balls now taking place in London, I do not see described in print. Some are made by the best dressmakers and by leading firms who have established a reputation for such raiment; still, a large number require to be rearranged at home, and often entirely made by those to whom the idea of wearing anything that does not exactly please a fastidious taste would be altogether unbearable. In good dressing the essential point is style. We all know that women who are handsomely dressed often never attain to this, and that it frequently happen that those who dress simply have most style. Dickens said "style must be style;" style means carriage, doubtless, but it means much more, viz., well-cut clothes, well put on, with certain adjuncts known only to the initiated.

At the present moment a ball gown just rests on the ground, and, if made of *L'Empire*, is shorter in front than heretofore, showing the dainty shoes. The foundation, which is best in either silk or satin, but may be sateen, is composed of four pieces. It is impossible to lay down any rule as to the exact size of each of these. The back is over a yard in width, and the front and two gores should be about forty-eight inches, but the dimensions entirely depend on the figure of the wearer. The hem is lined with stiffening (Victoria lawn), so that it gives substance to the hem, and this stiffening is carried up about half a yard. There is a small kilting or pleating of the foundation material at the edge, and another half of tulle on it, but this is not done when there is a ruche on the outside of the edge all round, a style which with Empire gowns is much favored.

The disputed point of steels or no steels is met in this way: Some of the Paris gowns have no steels, but in lieu a petticoat is made to fit with the dress, cut to the exact shape of the skirt, flounced and frilled up the back, with hard, stiff, narrow-pleated flounces, which are as firm as steels, a mattress at the top, all without undue protuberance; ball skirts are at the least 2½ yards wide, they look full and stand out well. Unless there are some means of keeping the skirt out, tulle becomes flimsy, and two small steels are the rule, deftly inserted with a pleating of horsehair, or a crescent-shaped pad just at the waist.

The tulle is put on quite flat at the band, the edges cut, taped and sewn over, not turned in, which would be too bulky. The foundation is either mounted into a band, like an ordinary skirt, or simply piped, which plan has many advantages, among others, that it is less trouble to fasten. Whether there are steels or not, I consider the best dressed people insert a flounced piece up the back of ball gowns, each flounce edged with lace, and they wear under it a pretty short white silk petticoat. If the gown is raised there is then no fear, in holding it up when getting in and out of the carriage, that the petticoat will droop.

I have all this time been describing the fundamental principles of ball gowns; but there are other points. Just now nearly every skirt is made with the back perfectly plain, one layer of net next the foundation, and two full veils of tulle over that. It is possible at Debenham's and at Redmayne's to procure a net to exactly match the tulle, but it is not always so, and these nets give far more substance than when only tulle is used. I will further undertake the prevailing makes of bodice skirts; but, as a rule, the fronts are slightly draped, and have loose panels and side sashes. In the so called Empire gowns, the fronts are perfectly plain, with hardly more than one veil of tulle over the silk or satin foundation; they have a thick ruche at the foot with flowers nestling in it. Sometimes there is a pleated silk ruche at the hem, and over this lisse or tulle falls full and all around alike.

The bodices of Empire gowns mostly fold over, crossing back and front, and ending in a wide sash belt; they start from beneath the arm, continue on to the skirt, terminating in long ends at the left side. These sashes are so deep they mount to the bust, and are tied at the back in a large bow beneath the shoulder blades. Half the bodice is often of one material, half of another, the sleeves different. Pointed bodices, laced at the back, coming up high on the shoulders, and just draped at the top with tulle, are much more worn. They are often crossed with a sword belt sash or garland of flowers, but high bows and epaulettes of flowers are worn too. Sleeves are no longer indefinitesimal; one short puff finds most favor. The seams of evening bodices are cut up to the shoulder in distinct and separate divisions, not as they used to be—in one piece, with two dart seams. This keeps them up on the shoulder better. No tucker or lace is worn; but I hear this will not continue, and that there is a disposition to bring them back again. It is almost impossible for ball bodices to fit too closely, and they look as if the figure had been veritably melted into them. Satin, armure royal, moire, velvet, striped silk—all these are used for bodices, green velvet being chiefly employed with green dresses. Long strips of silk or eight-inch wide ribbons are frequently attached to the shoulder straps, and fall to the hem of the skirt.

Now, as to the different new styles of making. At most of the best balls there is a preponderance of white gowns of five to ten, and of green of three to ten; next to these comes gray. There is a sort of classic style which finds favor with good figures. The skirt may be of tulle or silk piece lace, simply draped. The foundation of one I will describe was yellow silk, draped with tulle, and over that the lace. The bodice was made of soft ribbed silk, perfectly plain; but from the shoulders was a long scarf drapery of silk crepe of the same yellow tone. It passed from one shoulder to the waist; was left so loose that it did not hide the form of the waist. It hung from the shoulder in stole-like ends, almost to the hem of the dress. The newest and most stylish gowns would seem to be green, especially chartreuse green, which is loveliest by candle light. For example, a green aeroplane was draped over yellow satin, and caught up with yellow iris and grass; the bodice green velvet. There is a wealth of flowers introduced on ball gowns now. They start on one side from just below the waist, diminishing to nothing toward the feet. Real leaves chosen of a hardy nature that will not look withered by the end of the evening, are exceedingly fashionable. This would seem to be sending coals to Newcastle; flowers from London to the country; but here again style comes in. It is the arrangement of the sprays that constitutes much of their beauty, and, unless well mounted, they would look nothing.

Large blooms in artificial flowers are preferred to any others, and velvet rather than the ordinary kind. For bodice trimmings, triple sprays come from the shoulders and cross the bodice, a large bouquet with stems visible being fastened at the side.

Vieux rose velvet bodices show off pink and shaded roses to perfection. Panels placed on skirts are lined with a distinctive color, and fall loose. For example, a white tulle gown, made with white silk panels, which are lined with green, the ruche at the hem displaying the same green in the foliage of the flowers enclosed within it. Another dress, made with the straight Directoire coat panels, had the front entirely composed of orchids, over which these panels seem to fall. Fronts of close set roses nestling in a bed of tulle, and without foliage, are exceedingly pretty; so are fronts covered with rose leaves tinted to match the dress. Plain tulle is better worn than any beaded or spangled kind, the only exception being the finely embroidered designs, in which beads often appear, woven after the Empire patterns. Gold embroidery is introduced in the same way. Panels of gold embroidery are also introduced. The large mosquito nets, with big meshes, are used over satin, such as green net over white satin. A new kind of black lace, which is to be much used for ball gowns, has soft Spanish designs on French lace grounds; it drapes well. This is used with green trimmings, and is draped over green. Green appears in most of the best dresses, though it is more generally becoming where it is allowed to give an effect without asserting itself too decidedly.

Those who interest themselves in the make of their ball gowns must remember much of their success depends on how they carry themselves when the dress is on. A woman should look as if she were indeed a queen, her head raised, her shoulders well back, her waist firm, her feet planted on the ground with decision.
—*London Queen.*

Easy Manners at the Beach.

Baltimore girls are inclined to be more conservative in regard to bathing costumes and regulations. There are many young ladies who spend a great deal of time walking and lounging in hammocks near the crowded thoroughfares in odd bathing fancies of soft white flannel, very much curtailed as to skirts, very tight and smart as to waists. They wear fine black silk hose, meeting the short trousers above the knees. They have all styles of bathing suits here, from the slenderest, most visionary, daring combinations of stockings and shoulder knots, and a hint of a skirt, to the oldest, most prosaic tame dress on record. A Hebe in flannel trousers and pinning down the beach clothed mainly in red, that is, her stockings are of that color. What there is of her skirt is white; her blouse is white, too, very low in the neck, fastened with a little strap over the shoulder, and falling over in a loop or puff at the waist line. Where the stockings end there is a deep frill of lace. Little maidens just budding into womanhood dance about in pairs in children's short bathing dresses, with tilting skirts. Stalwart girls tuck up their lace-edged skirts and wade up and down the surf. Nowhere is seen such a profusion of graceful, supple, willowy women, and nowhere are their charms more generous ly displayed.

The visitor does not need to go to the beach, however, to study bathing costumes, for in the streets, at the bookstores, and even leaning over the bar in drug stores, dancing in defiance before the signs that would prohibit this extremely picturesque practice, are girls and women in all the varieties of bathing costume. The fashionable girl at Atlantic City has her bathing corset as well as her dancing, riding, and house corsets. They are very short and with few bones. To these are fastened the elastic straps which hold the long stockings in place, firm and sure. Girls make as much of a fidget over a wrinkle in their stockings as over a misfit in a glove or a twist in a bodice. A man's trait in favor for bathing costumes is a kind of a jersey webbing, which fits smoothly to the body out of water, and clings like paper on a wall in the water.

Pretty suits of this material have narrow scarlet lines striping a blue ground in stockings, suit, and a pretty little college cap, with a flying scarlet tassel on top. These suits come in other contrasting colors—blue and white, scarlet and white—and are very pretty and not very expensive. It is wonderful how the fair bathers manage to remain so long on the beach and in the water without impairing their health. The heartiest man will become thoroughly chilled in less than one hour, even though he remain in the sun during the entire time. Not so with the ladies, and especially the unmarried ones. Your correspondent saw a party of six of these young damsels in the water shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and four hours later they were discovered about a half mile further up the beach reclining upon the sand, with their wet garments clinging to their bodies, munching some bonbons, and apparently none the worse for the long exposure to the sun and water. One of these fair bathers will wade into the water up to her waist, and then turn toward the beach and espy some friend or admirer. Out she comes for a quiet chat, or perhaps a promenade. This sort of thing is not uncommon, but is indulged in by the same bather perhaps half a dozen times or more during the bathing hours. Some are more imprudent than others, and think nothing of taking a shower bath now and then to remove the sand from their ears in order to enjoy a promenade on the board walk or perhaps through the town.—*Baltimore American.*

The Typo's Revenge.

Jack Roberts tells a funny yarn about the rules of printing offices. It has been posted on the bulletin board of a New York morning paper to invariably put the time of day in figures. This was done to secure uniformity. Jack had departed from the rule once and been admonished by the foreman. He said it would never happen again. The next night an editor, in reading over the proof of an article, thought to improve it by inserting the well-known line of poetry:

"Meet me in the lane, love, at half-past nine."

Well, the proof was passed over to Jack for him to correct, and this is how it appeared the next morning:

Meet me in the lane, love, at 9:30 P. M.

There was a vacancy in the office the next day.

A Daisy Parrot.

Caller—Ah, Isabel, I see you have a parrot. Is he a good talker?

Isabel—Splendid, and what is more he was trained and presented to me by a clergyman and has acquired none of the vulgarities of uncultivated speech.

Parrot—I'm a daisy; no flies on me!

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keachie & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hote dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c. or six tickets for $2. As this is the only table d'hote dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

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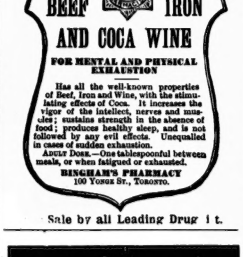

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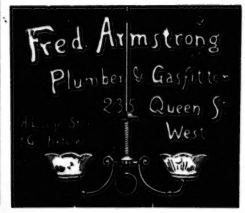

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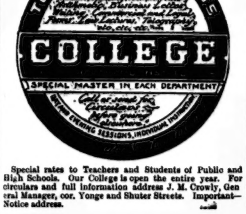

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THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

"A malady
Preys on my heart that medicine cannot reach,
Invisible and careless."

Mrs. Porter's evanishment created considerable talk in the little village of Cheriton, and would doubtless have been the occasion of still greater wonder but for the impenetrable stupidity of the young maid-servant, from whom no detailed account of her mistress' departure could be extorted. Had the girl Phœbe been observant and loquacious she might have stimulated public curiosity by a lively narrative of events: setting forth Theodore Dalbrook's emotion at finding the lodge deserted; and how he had sent up to the house for his Lordship; and how his Lord-ship and Mr. Dalbrook had remained in earnest conversation for nearly an hour in the lodge parlor; and how Mrs. Porter had left a mahogany box upon the table, a flat mahogany box with brass corners, which Phœbe had never seen before; and how this very box had disappeared mysteriously when the two gentlemen left. All this would have afforded mental pabulum for the acuter wits of the village, and would have formed the nucleus of an interesting scandal, to be uttered with bated breath over the humble tea-tray, to give zest to the unassuming muffin in the back parlors of small rustic shopkeepers. As it was, thanks to Phœbe's admirable stolidity, all that was known of Mrs. Porter's departure was that she had gone to London by the early train on a certain morning, and that her luggage had been sent after her, address unknown.

It was the general opinion that Mrs. Porter had had money left her, and that she had reassumed her position in life as a genteel personage. This afforded some scope for speculative gossip, but not for a wide range of conjecture, and in less than a month after Mrs. Porter's departure the only talk in relation to the West Lodge was the talk of who would succeed the vanished lady as its occupant. This thrilling question was promptly settled by the removal of the head gardener and his wife from their very commonplace abode in the village to the old English cottage.

Cheriton was furnished with a more interesting topic of discourse before the end of October, when it was given out that Lord and Lady Cheriton were going to winter abroad, an announcement which struck consternation to a village in which the great house was the centre of light and leading, and the chief consumer of butcher's meat, farm produce—over and above the supply from the home-farm—and expensive groceries; not to mention hardware, kitchen crockery, coals, saddlery, forage, and odds and ends of all kinds. To shut up Cheriton for six months was to paralyse trade in Cheriton.

To draw down the blinds and close the shutters of the great house was to spread a gloom over the best society in the neighborhood, and to curtail the weekly offertory by about one-third.

Everybody admitted, however, that his Lordship had been looking very ill of late. He had aged suddenly, "as those fine, well-set-up men are apt to do," said Mr. Bogle, the doctor. He looked care worn and haggard. The village solicitor hoped that he had not been dabbling with foreign loans—or had invested largely in the fortune of an impossible canal—yet opined that nothing but the Stock Exchange could make such a sudden change in the noble family man. Mr. Bogle declared that Lord Cheriton's lungs were as sound as a bell, and that if he were ordered abroad it was not on account of his chest.

Everybody pitied her ladyship, and talked of her as despondingly as if it had been proposed to take her to Botany Bay in the dark ages for transportation for felony. It was so cruel to separate her from her flower-gardens, her hot-houses, her aviary, and her daughter; for all which things a correct British matron was supposed to exist. To take her from these placid domestic pleasures, from these strictly lady-like interests, and to plunge her in a hotbed of vice such as Monte Carlo—as pictured by the rustic mind—would be a kind of moral murder. Cheriton recovered its equanimity somewhat upon hearing that his lordship was going to winter at Mustapha Superieure—but it was opined that even there baccarat and Parisian morals would be in the ascendant, and a photograph of a square in Algiers, which looked like a bit broken off the Rue de Rivoli, was by no means reassuring.

Yet, whatever Dr. Bogle might say as to the soundness of his lungs, there remained the fact that his Lordship had aged and fretted for worse since the shooting season began. He who used to go out daily with the guns, had this year not gone with them half a dozen times in the whole season. He whose active habits and personal superintendence of his estate had been the admiration of his neighbors had taken to staying at home, dreaming over his Delphin Horace or Juvenal in the library.

Yes, Lord Cheriton was a broken man. From the hour in which his daughter had laid her head upon his breast, and sobbed out her fond words of compassion and forgiveness for the weakness and the sin that had brought about her one great sorrow—from that hour James Dalbrook's zest of life dwindled, and the things that he had cared for pleased him no more. His heart sickened as he rode his cob by the familiar lanes, and surveyed wide spreading corn field and undulating pasture—sickened at the thought of that wretched creature whose dream he had darkened, whose long cherished hope he had ruthlessly disappointed. The image of Evelyn Darcy, rating at her peers in the dull monotony of a private madhouse, came between him and that sunlit prospect, haunted and tortured him whenever he turned his eye. He had to give up the quiet morning rides which had once been the most restful portion of the day, his thinking hours, his time for leisurely discursive meditation, his indulgence in happy thoughts and humorous reverie.

His wife saw the change in him—knowing nothing of the cause—and urged him to take advice. He gratified her by seeing Sir William Jenner, confessed to being fagged and out of spirits, and obtained just the advice he wanted—complete change of scene—a winter in Egypt or Algiers.

"We'll try Algiers first, and if we don't like it we can try the Nile," he said, and his wife, who would have gone to Madagascar or Patagonia just as cheerfully, forthwith ordered her trunk to be packed, and began to take leave of her grandson, an operation which would require weeks. They left England in the middle of November, just when the last leaves were being stripped from the oaks and beeches by the blustering south-west wind, which is a specialty in that part of the country, where it comes salt with the bitter breath of the sea, and sometimes thick and gray with sea fog.

Mrs. Porter had been nearly three months at Cheshunt Grange, and Theodore had been three times to see her in that carefully-chosen retreat, and on two of those visits had met her daughter Mercy, who went to her twice a week.

He had found Dr. Davidson's patient strangely calm and tractable, professing herself contented with her life, and having established her reputation among the other patients as a lady of blameless character and manners.

"I sometimes wonder how they would feel if they knew what I did that night," she said to Theodore once, with a sinister smile. "They think me a common place person. They call my complaint nervous debility. Nobody here would believe me if I were to tell them that I murdered a man who never offended me by so much as an uncivil word. They don't believe that such a deed as that would be possible in our day, and in our country. They think it was only a couple of centuries ago in Southern Europe that women knew the meaning of revenge."

This was the solitary occasion on which she spoke of her crime. On the other visits he found her apathetic. Although she was elaborately polite, it was evident that she did not recognize him. She had, however, recognized her daughter, and now received her with some faint show of tenderness, but not without a touch of fretful impatience. It was evident Mercy's presence gave her pleasure.

"I go to see her as often as Dr. Davidson allows me," Mercy told Theodore, as they walked to the station together. "It is all I can do—and it is very little."

"Have you thought any more of Lord Cheriton's earnest desire to improve your position? Have you learnt to take pity upon him, to think more kindly of him, on account of all he has suffered?"

"I am very sorry for him—but I can never accept any favor at his hands. I can never forget what my mother's life has been like, and who made her what she is."

"And is your own life to be always the same—a monotony of toil?"

"I am used to such a life—but I have some thought of a change in my employment. I had some talk with your friend, Mr. Ramsay, last night at Miss Newton's, and through his help I hope to learn to be a sick nurse. I should be of more use to my fellow creatures in that capacity than in stitching at the needlework for rich people's children."

"It would be a hard life, Mercy."

"I am content to live a hard life. I had my span of a soft life—a life of idleness on a summer sea, amidst the loveliest spots upon earth—a life that would have been like a glimpse of Heaven itself, if it had not been for the consciousness of sin and shame. I shall never forget those days on the Mediterranean, or forget that I have to atone for them? The man I loved is dead—all that belonged to that life has vanished like a dream."

They parted at the railway station, she to go to her place in a dusty third-class carriage, he to a smoking carriage to smoke his meditative pipe, and think sadly of those two blighted lives which had been ground beneath the wheels of Lord Cheriton's triumphal car.

Cheriton Chase was deserted, the blinds down, the servants on board wages, the flower beds empty and raked over for the winter; but at Milbrook Farm all was life and movement. The sisters and their husbands were again established in their favorite rooms, Lady Jane was again at hand to assist her daughter-in-law to bear the burden of a family party, and all was much as it had been in the previous winter, except that Juanita had a new interest in life, and was able to take pleasure in many things that had been an oppression to her spirits last year.

Most of all were her feelings altered towards Mrs. Grenville and her nursery. She was now warmly interested in the history of Johnnie's measles, and deeply sympathetic about that constitutional tendency towards scrofula which was dear little Lucy's "weak point." For must not her Godfrey inevitably face the ordeal of measles, and might not his cousin show a like weakness at the growing age? All those discussions about nursery dinners—the puddings and those which could not be induced to touch them—the advisability of a basin of corn flour or bread and milk at bedtime, the murderous influence of buns and pastry, and the lurking dangers of innocent-seeming jam—all these things to hear of which last year would have been to her the extremest vexation, were now vital and spirit-moving questions.

The little visitors' nurseries were near the infant Sir Godfrey's rooms, and it was a delight to her to hear the babble, laughter, and youthful cousins' society, and revelling in their noise. His own young lungs revealed their power and scope as they had never done before, and led the infant orchestra. Juanita spent hours in this noisy society, sitting on the floor to be crawled over by her son—who was just beginning to discover the possibility of independent locomotion—and to have her hair pulled affectionately by the younger Grenvilles, who found her the most accommodating of fellow. She insisted that the children should dine at the family luncheon table, much to the gratification of their mother and grandmother, and to the exasperation of Mrs. Morningfield, who, being childless herself, did not see why her mid-day meal should be made intolerable by the boisterous egotism of her nephews and nieces.

This was the condition of things at Christmas when Theodore reappeared at the Priory, having come down Dorchester for his holiday, after three months' earnest work. He had been reading with a man of some distinction at the Chancery Bar, and he had been writing for one of the Law Journals. He was struck by the change in his cousin. She looked younger than she had looked happier than ever looked since her husband's death. No one could accuse her of having grown indifferent to his absence, or at the least allusion which recalled his image her expression clouded, and her eyes grew sad. But there could be no doubt that the dawn of a happier existence was beginning to disperse the darkness of the night of grief. The influence of her child had done much; the solution of the mystery of her husband's death had done more to relieve her mind of its burden. She was no longer tortured by wonder; her thoughts were no longer forced to run off perpetually along the same groove. She knew the worst, and pity for her father prompted her to try to forget the wretch who had blighted her young life.

She received Theodore with all her old kindness, with that easy cordiality which was of all indications the most hopeless to the man who loved her. She took him to the nursery, where Christmas fires blazed merrily, and Christmas gifts strewed the carpet, a plethora of toys, a litter of foil paper, and gold and silver fringe, and tissue paper cocked hats and Pierrot caps, from the wreck of cracker bonbon. The children were masters of the situation in this Christmas week.

"It is their season," said Juanita tenderly, "I don't think we can ever do too much to make our children happy at this time, remembering that He who made the season sacred was once a child."

She took her baby up in her arms as she spoke, and pressed the little face lovingly against her own.

"Why does Mr. Ramsay never come to see me?" she asked, with a sudden lightness of tone, "he used to be so fond of baby."

"He is working hard at the hospital."

"And he is not to have any holiday with you?"

"I fear not."

Her manner in making the inquiry, light as it was, told him so much; and he noticed how she bent her face over the child's flaxen head as she talked of Ramsay.

"Why does he work so hard?" she asked, after a silence.

"He has never given me any reason, yet I have my own idea about his motive."

"And what is your idea?"

"Have you ever heard of a man trying to live down a hopeless attachment—trying to medicine a mind diseased with the strong physic of intellectual labor. That is my case, Juanita; and I am inclined to think that it may be Ramsay's case too. He has altered curiously within the last few months. I cannot get so near his nature himself as I used to get—but I know him well enough to form a shrewd opinion."

"I am sorry for you both," she said, with a little nervous pathos, still hiding her face against the baby's incipient curls and wrinkled pink skin. "I am sorry you should be so sentimental."

"Sentimental, Nita! Is it sentimental to cherish one love for the best part of a life time, knowing that love to be hopeless all the time? If that is your idea of sentimentality, I confess myself sentimental. I have loved you ever since I knew the meaning of the word love—and I have gone on loving you in spite of every discouragement. I loved you when your love was given to another. Yes, I stood aside and harbored not one malevolent thought against the man you had so blessed and honored. I have loved you in your sorrow, as I loved you years ago in your light-hearted girlhood. I shall love you till I am dust; but I know that my love is hopeless. Your very kindness—in its level uniformity of sweetness—has told me that."

"Dear Theodore, if you knew how I value you—how I admire and respect you—I think you would be content to accept my sisterly regard," she said, looking up at him with fearful eyes. "Perhaps had we met differently, as strangers, I might have felt differently—but from my earliest remembrance you have been to me as a friend and brother. I cannot teach myself any other love."

"Ah, Nita, that other love comes untaught. You want no teaching to love Cuthbert Ramsay. Don't be angry, I can't help speaking of that which has been in my mind so long. I saw my doom in your face when Cuthbert was here. I saw that he could interest you as I had never interested you. I saw that he brought fresh thoughts and fancies into your life. I saw that he could conquer where I was beaten."

"You have no right to say that."

"I have the right that goes with conviction, Juanita, and with disinterested love. I have the right of my loyal friendship for the man who has shown himself worthy. Unless you or I make some sign to prevent him, Cuthbert Ramsay will have made himself an exile from this country before the new year is a month old."

"What do you mean, Theodore!"

"I mean that he is ready to treat with the chief of a scientific expedition to the Antarctic Ocean. The ships will be away three years, and if he joins that expedition as doctor he will be absent for that time, with the usual hazards of being absent forever."

"Why is he going?"

"He has never given me any reason, but I suspect that the reason is——you."

"Theodore!"

"If I read his secret right, he left this place deeply in love with you. He knew I loved you, and that was one reason for a man of his generous temper to withdraw. You are rich and he is poor, that makes another reason. He is too honorable to come between his friend and his friend's love. He is too proud to offer himself with only his talent and his unfulfilled ambition to a woman of fortune. So he takes his old mistress Science for his comforter, and is going to the other side of the world to watch the plasma in the polar skies, and to keep the crews free of fever and scurvy, if he can."

"Three years," faltered Juanita. "It would not be so very long anywhere else—but those Polar expeditions so often end in death."

"Shall I tell him not to go?"

"Pray do."

"I'm afraid I shall hardly prevail with him, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you will let me say that you wish him to stay."

She blushed deepest crimson, and again had resource to the baby's pink little head as a hiding-place for her confusion.

"Tell him anything you like; ask him to come and romp with the children next Easter. He is fond of children, and I am sure he would like my nephews and nieces. Ah, Theodore," she cried, holding out her hand, "now you are indeed my brother, and I thank you very, very, wished to be more, and let me hear of your having found a new love by-and-by."

"By-and-by is easily said, Juanita."

What would that hour have revealed could the curtain of the Future have been lifted that Christmas Eve, as the children danced in the shadowy room while their mothers sat round the fire in the winter dusk? A coffin brought by land and sea, and laid with stately ceremonial in a grave in Cheriton churchyard. A respectful obituary notice of Lord Cheriton, with a brief biography, setting forth his remarkable gifts and his honorable career; much wonderment among his lordship's friends at the too early extermination of that prosperous life—a man of sixty who had looked ten years younger, and whose vigorous constitution and jovial bearing had denoted one of the semi-immortals—a Brougham, a Lyndhurst, or a St. Leonards.

What else? A lovely Spanish-looking matron, proud of her handsome Scotch husband and his scientific successes, reigning over one of the most delightful houses in London, a house in which the brightest lights of the intellectual world were to be found shining in a congenial atmosphere. Sir Godfrey Carmichael's widow, now Cuthbert Ramsay's wife, and one of the leaders in all movements that tend toward the welfare and enlightenment of mankind.

Was else? A rising barrister, living quietly in a secluded old house at Chiswick, with a sweet serious-looking wife, and two lovely babies, supremely contented with his lot and with his home, which is managed for him with that perfection of art which conceals all artifice. His wife and he are of exactly the same age, have the same deep love of good books, good pictures, and good music, and the same indifference to frivolous pleasure and fashionable amusements. They have a few friends, carefully chosen, and of choicest quality, and amongst the most honored of these is Sarah Newton, still brisk and active, though her abundant hair is snow white, and there are the deep lines of age about her shrewd and kindly eyes. They have their garden with its old cedars, and old walls shutting off the world of gig-and-villa respectability. They have their boat house and boats, in which they live for the most part on summer evenings, and they have hardly anything left to wish for—except a lock.

The barrister is Theodore Dalbrook, and his wife's name is Mercy.

He found her four years ago established as nurse at Cheshunt Grange, administering to her mother to the day of her death, which happened by a strange fatality within a few hours of that other death in Algiers, a sudden death by cerebral apoplexy, swift as a thunderclap. He found her there, and saw her frequently in his duty visits to the Asylum—visits paid in performance of a promise to his unhappy kinsman—little by little that sympathy which he had felt for her in the first hour of their acquaintance warmed and ripened into love, and in Mercy, the woman who had sinned and paid the bitterest penalty of sin, he found the consoling angel of his disappointed youth.

The world knows nothing of her story. That dead past is buried deeper than ever ship went down into the treacherous waters of the tideless sea. To have her in her plenitude of domestic bliss, it seems as if it was another woman who shed those bitter tears and drank that cup of shame. The world knows only that Theodore Dalbrook has a lovely and devoted wife, who thoroughly understands and realizes the duties of her position.

Lord Cheriton's final will, executed three months before his death at Mustapha Superieure, made no mention of his daughter Mercy, but bequeathed a life interest in the sum of £20,000 consols to Sarah Newton, spinster, the principal to go to Mercy Darcy—otherwise Mercy Porter—upon that lady's death.

[THE END.]

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Their Occupations Incompatible.

The voice of the lady-friend had slightly as she looked at the middle-aged but well preserved gentleman before her and said:

"Can it be possible? Is this Henry Slumpus, the friend and companion of my earlier days?"

"It is, Florence—Mrs. Grampus," he said, his own voice betraying an excitement he could not suppress. "I have come five hundred miles to see you."

"How strange!" she said, as she sank into a chair. "Pray be seated, Harry—Mr. Slumpus. How it seems to bring back old times to see you again!"

"It does—it does!" he replied. "Twenty years and more. It seems an age. Yet how lightly time has touched you! Pardon me for saying so, but you look scarcely a day older than on that sad, bitter morning so long ago when that foolish quarrel, in which I was to blame, separated us——"

"Do not speak of it, Har—Mr. Slumpus," replied the lady. "I was not blameless myself. But tell me your history. Where have you been and what have you done in all these years? Are you—are you——"

"Married?" he interrupted, in a voice that quivered in spite of him. "No. There has never been room in my heart for more than one love!"

For a few moments he was silent, and then he resumed: "When I left your presence that memorable morning I went to the far West. I threw myself into business, caring little whether I was successful or not. I prospered. In due time I learned through a friend of your marriage to Mr. Grampus. I threw myself still deeper into business. I made fortunes and lost them again, unmoved by either success or failure. At present I am not rich, but am in comfortable circumstances, with my means invested in a business that furnishes me a satisfactory income. I learned a few days ago, by accident, that you had been a widow for several years, and a longing came upon me to see you again. I could not resist it and I am here. Are you sorry to see me, Florence?"

"I—I am not," said the widow softly. "You have told me of yourself. Mr. Slumpus——"

"Call me Harry, please."

"Well—Harry—and it may interest you to know that Mr. Grampus, while not wealthy, left me a competence which is invested in a business that is in every way prosperous."

"May I ask you what it is?"

"It is an establishment for the manufacturing of russet shoes."

The visitor rose and took his hat.

"My romance is at an end, Mrs. Grampus," he said in a hollow voice. "I am a manufacturer of liquid shoe blacking."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Taking a Practical View of the Matter.

A clever Boston girl had undertaken the task of instructing a new full of newsboys, book blacks and telegraph messengers, and the lesson chanced to be upon the raising of Lazarus. Taking into account the fact that the boys knew of the telegraph and finding that it was very hard to interest them, she turned the talk to electricity by asking if there was any way in which the dead could be raised to life, and going on to say that there had been people who believed that it could be done by electricity.

She found that she had at last gained their attention, and dreading to lose it again, she went on a little with her talk about the force and its manifestations. The boys listened intently, and presently one of the dirtiest and most reprehensible of the gang gave a hitch to his ragged trousers expressive of satisfaction and interest.

"Well, now," he said, "we're learnin' suthin'."—*Sunday Mercury.*

How Lancashire Men Speak.

A Southern visitor asked a calico printer in a secluded Lancashire vale whether it was true that he was obliged to speak two different tongues.

"It is perfectly true, as I will very soon show you. Here's address one of the men."

"Fetch Mr. Dean."

The operative stared, and uttered nothing beyond a low and guttural sound.

"Fetch Mr. Dean, I say."

Still the same stolid expression of face continued. The employer glanced knowingly at his friend as if to prepare him for a surprise, and said, abruptly:

"Fot Dane, mon."

The man brightened, a messenger darted off at once without another word.

A second example was equally puzzling, as:

"Why have you tied your head?" brought forth no answer. But to the question—

"What thee got thee yed teed up fur?" there was an immediate reply:

"To keep th' yure out o my e'en" (to keep the hair out of my eyes)

"I dunno' care for Wagger" (Wagner) remarked a bandsman, "Gi e me summat like owd song music, ut we con understond. That's the sort for me."

"Feyther," said a boy, evidently born before his time, and whose clogs were worn down to the welting, "I wish I'd been born wi' wooden legs!"

"What for, Bill," asked the father.

"Then I shouldno' have had cowd feet."

The One Distinction.

At Oxford a good deal of fun is poked at the Welshmen, who crowd to Jesus College, and are currently believed mostly to answer to the name of Jones. There arrived one evening, at the porter's lodge, a stranger, and a colloquy began in public:

Stranger—"Kindly direct me to the rooms of Mr. Jones."

Porter—"There are forty-three Mr. Jonses in college, sir.'

Stranger—"The man I wish to see is Mr. David Jones."

Porter—"Twenty-one Mr. David Joneses in college, sir."

S ranger—"My Mr. David Jones has red hair."

Porter—"Seven Mr. David Joneses have red hair."

Stranger (in despair)—"This is very awkward. Mr. Dav d Jones asked me to come and ta e wine with him."

Porter—"Why didn't you tell me that at first, sir? Second staircase, first floor, right. All the other Mr. Joneses drink beer."

A Protest.

Mr. Whiffet (at the picnic)—Now, dey's go t' be a stop put t' dis! Ef Sa'n Empson's gwine t' be rough like dat, I ain't gwine t' be d' bline-man's-bluff no mo'!—*Judge.*

Old Rock.

On the eve of their bridal day, Jessie Glenn and John Marcus had their first quarrel. It was not a very fierce one, but it proved that such a thing could be between them, and was not pleasant. Besides, it was a terrible time for such a thing. It began by Jessie asking John what he was going to do with Rock, a big black dog he was very fond of.

"To with him!" said John. "Why, just what I always have—spoil him, I suppose."

"You don't mean to keep him, do you?" said Jessie. "You'll sell him.

"Sell Rock!" cried John. "Why, it would seem like selling your baby or your grandfather. He's been my friend for years—slept under my bed, followed me to work, shared my lunch. Why, I had him when I was a poor, motherless boy. Dad used to kick us out together. Many's the time when he'd been drinking, and we'd cuddle up together for warmth in some area. Now I'm comfortable. I shan't kick Rock out. No, indeed. I couldn't."

"I hate dogs," said Jessie.

"Well, you've got to learn to love Old Rock," said John, laughing. "Love me, love my dog, in this case; so you've got to, you see."

"I've got to?" cried Jessie, indignantly. "Ordering me like that already, when I refused Sam Williams for your sake, as well you know, John."

"Well," said John, "I always supposed that was because you liked me best, not out of self-sacrifice."

"At least," said Jessie, "he didn't keep a dog of that sort, and he was on his knees to me almost. Oh, dear! I don't think you care about me, John. I read a novel the other day, and in it the young man roasted a favorite falcon for his lady-love's dinner, and never minded it at all, he was so devoted to her."

"If I was to roast Old Rock, he'd be too much dinner for a regiment," said John, "and I'll bet you wouldn't take a bite of him. Do you want me to show my affection for you by carrying him to the sausage-maker's and having him put up into bolognies for winter use?"

This was not gallant, and naturally Jessie was displeased, as one may presume. They were not fashionable people. She was an honest, pretty, little factory girl. He a young plumber. But they had been very much in love with each other. This was a dash of cold water to both. They felt the impropriety of a squabble at this time, and parted with a kiss, as usual; but the thought rankled in each mind.

Jessie thought of it as she made ready for her wedding, and as her friends looked at her new things. She had a pretty floor not far off, ready furnished for her, and things were all very nice, in a plain way. But what happiness could she expect if he was so cross about a little thing? And then to have ugly, black Rock, with his muddy feet, his way of snoring aloud and showing his tongue in gapes, always lying about. It was not a pleasant thought for the day before a wedding.

Meanwhile, the day wore on; the guests came. The bride was dressed. The minister arrived with his old wife. Everybody had come but the bridegroom and his best man.

The bridesmaids left the room and whispered in the little passage. The clock hands pointed to the hour for the ceremony. John had not come. Jessie tried to sit still, to smile, to laugh and talk, but she kept saying to herself: "What keeps him? Could he really have been angry? Could it be possible that he meant to break with her in this dreadful manner just about Old Rock?" She listened—the bell rang. Had he come? No! It was only the best man, alone. He reported that he had waited for John, and that he had not been home for supper. His wedding suit was spread on his bed, but there was no sign of John.

"I didn't know but he might be here," said the young man, looking about. But John was not there.

In her own room the bride wept, and women came and went trying to comfort her. They lingered late. Eleven, twelve, one o'clock saw the minister still sitting in the great chair in the parlor, ready to marry John if he came, but though the bride's friends flew about the city and inquired everywhere, there was no news of the missing bridegroom.

That he had left her in wrath was Jessie's explanation of the matter; and it was she who at last declared that people had better go home for that she would not marry John if he came on his bended knees to ask pardon.

Meanwhile, the missing bridegroom had gone to work as usual, expecting, as it was Saturday, to get off earlier than usual, and had been pleased that he finished his work at four o'clock; but coming in, eager to ask leave to go home, he found all in commotion. A gas pipe had burst in a public building, where there was danger of leaving it unrepaired very long, and only one other man was in the place—Sam Williams, his old rival.

"You two must go," said the proprietor, waving his hands about. "I know it is hard, John; but Sam can bring the furnace and tools in, and you can get straight home. You have time, and you shall be paid for overwork, both of you, and I'll send a present to the bride on Monday. This is a necessary job, or I'd let you off."

John did not grumble, though he felt irritated. He hurried off as fast as he could, followed by Williams. The men did not like each other, and Williams was still jealous.

They spoke very little. Old Rock followed at John's heels, and crouched outside the building when he was locked out, as usual.

The men's work took them down into the cellar, and into some great vaults there. They worked without any more talk than was necessary, and at last the job was done.

Williams had tested the leak at his part of the work, and was about to call to John, whose light shone at the other end of the dark cellar, when suddenly the light went out. There was a crash, a cry. Williams did not know what had happened, but judged that a great beam that had been lifted out of place had fallen. He waited; there was silence. And now, having the opportunity, the demoniac spirit of revenge asserted itself. He would not have planned to kill his rival, but he thought with joy that some bad accident had happened to him. He thought, too, that it was not his work, and that he was not called upon to alter it. If John was dead, Jessie would be free again. Then he said to himself, with Satan's sophistry:

"How do I know anything has happened? John has gone home, banging the door after him. That's all. A fine way to go off and leave a fellow," he said aloud; and gathered up the furnace and bag of tools and went his way, locking all the doors behind him, and leaving the keys with the person who had charge of them, saying that his mate had gone off without a good-bye, leaving him alone in the cellar.

"Queer I never saw him," said the old man; but Sam did not relent. He took a night train out of town to spend Sunday at his mother's in the country and be out of the way of questions.

And this is how John did not come to his own wedding. He lay in the cellar, hardly conscious, unable to lift the beam from his leg, and in a sort of dream, thinking of his Jessie and seeming to hear Old Rock's voice somewhere.

The poor girl arose wretched, and quite sure that John had jilted her. She never thought of any accident. As she sat at her late breakfast, trying not to show her grief and shame and wondering how she should go home and face the girls, something pushed at the door.

The maids opened it, and the dog she hated so—old Rock himself—walked in. He looked forlorn and hungry, his coat covered with mud his eyes red, his appearance miserably hideous. His manners, too, had altered for the worse, for instead of galloping playfully about, striving to lick Jessie's face and wagging his tail, as usual, he sat down on his hind legs and began at once to deliver a series of those piteous howls with which his species are supposed by the superstitious to celebrate the departure of an immortal soul from this vale of tears.

At this, a sudden revulsion took place in Jessie's feelings, and with a wild scream she uttered her conviction that John was dead, and that the dog knew it.

In this the family coincided to an individual. Then the dog began to pull at Jessie's flounces.

"We have had our doubts, we have had our doubts," groaned the father. "John's not a man to jilt a girl that way, quarrel or no quarrel."

"And the dog just says it plain as words," sobbed the mother. "When my grandfather was drowned his dog come home just like that. Oh, poor John! You'll never see him no more, child, never no more!"

Meanwhile, the dog pulled and howled harder than ever.

"Silence, there," cried the old grandmother from the cosey corner, where she was breaking her bread into a bowl of coffee. "Mebbe the parted spirit came along with the dog. The creeter is going to lead you to the body. Stop your eryin', an' go. Follow him. He knows better than you, for John's along of him. Go."

With her blood curdling in her veins, Jessie obeyed. She tied on her hat, and buttoned herself into a sacque, and went down the stairs and out into the streets, with the Sabbath stillness upon them. It was not easy to keep pace with Old Rock along the pavements; but she did so, and at last stopped with him before a great, empty-looking public building. Here the dog burrowed at a grating, and began to howl again.

It was more than Jessie could stand. She burst into bitter tears, and was obliged to sit down on the sidewalk and hide her face in her hands.

"Is he down there, Rock?" she sobbed. And Rock wagged a "Yes" with his queer, bushy tail.

Then Jessie went to work. A policeman, kindly disposed; an old man with a bunch of keys; much talk; a disconsolate fact that plumbers were down cellar late Saturday afternoon, led at last to a descent into the cellar, where Old Rock, in a state of delight past all bounds, led the way to the spot where John lay, with a broken leg and a bruised arm, but conscious and not fatally injured; and when she was sure of this, Jessie took Old Rock's head in both her hands, and kissed it fondly over and over again.

"You told me I'd have to love him, and it's come true; and he's saved your life, and he's brought us together, and as long as I live he shall be as dear to me as he is to you. There, now!"

It was some time before they were married, but there was no more quarreling; and Jessie and John are a very happy couple. It is reported of Old Rock that the first time he met Sam Williams he bit him; and that, Jessie declares, is a proof that Sam knew all about John's being in the cellar, though he swears he did not.

The Genius of Fiction.

It would seem an easy matter for a novelist to write what he likes, to marry this character and kill that, to say to one come and to the other go; but if his work be good and true, he is, strange to say, not wholly his own master. When C. H. Lewes wrote to Charlotte Bronte, cautioning her again at Melodrama, the author of Jane Eyre replied that she thought she would for the future have nothing of it, but she was not sure. "When authors write best," she says, "or at least, when they write most fluently, an influence seems to govern in them, which becomes their master—which will have its own way—putting out of view all behests but its own, dictating certain words, and insisting on their being used, whether vehement or measured in their nature; new-moulding characters giving unthought-of turns to incidents, rejecting carefully elaborated ideas, and suddenly creating and adopting new ones. Is it not so?" That is the fact.

In such moments it is as though the presiding Genius of Fiction were at the author's elbow, guiding his thoughts and controlling his pen, and often (like Thackeray, when he made Becky admire Rawdon for beating Lord Steyne) he must afterwards wonder at his own cleverness.

Mrs. Gaskell tells us of Charlotte Bronte that she herself was powerless over some of her more important characters, and that in at least one case she could no more alter her fictitious ending—somebody requested her to make her hero and heroine "marry, and live very happily ever after"—than if they had been facts which she was relating.

Scott also must have been powerless, though in a slightly different sense, over some of his immortal creations. We know that in some cases he did not trouble himself much about the plot, but allowed his personages to "move and strut," feeling sure, like Trollope, that "all would come right in the end."

In the case of Guy Mannering, however, he mapped out his incidents and ending; with what result the world knows. No sooner had he become familiar with his characters than he was led away from his original intention, with—need it be said?—the happiest consequences to himself and the reader.

Thackeray, with his genial cynicism, tells us of some of his later creations that he hesitated what to do with them. "In The Story of Philip, just come to an end, I have the permission of the author to state that he was going to drown the two villains of the piece—a certain Dr. F— and a certain Mr. T. H—, on board the President, or some other tragic ship, but you see I relented." But he does not speak in this way of his more successful characters. Who can doubt that Beatrix, in Esmond, did not assert her independency, and make herself what she eventually becomes?

In this connection some curious stories are told of Charles Reade. A friend once remarked upon what he supposed to have been the motives that impelled the heroine of Griffith Gaunt to a certain course of conduct, whereupon Reade exclaimed warmly, "I don't believe Kate Gaunt ever thought of such a thing." A few minutes later he added, "It does not seem credible that way; but, after all, who can tell?" Something having been said in his presence about the ingenious schemes of Mrs. Ryder, another of his characters, the sole inventor of that personage replied, "Yes; wasn't it clever? You wouldn't imagine a woman like Ryder up to dodges of that sort!"

Most singular of all, however, is a story told of Reade in connection with a character which as it was intended as a counterfeit presentment of himself, one would naturally have expected that he would have had well under his personal control. The personage in question is Rolfe, in A Terrible Temptation. With the process of development, we are told, the fictitious counterpart began insensibly to assert its separate individuality, and to pursue a line of conduct not in accordance with the sentiments of its prototype. Somebody having pointed out the discrepancy, "It can't be helped," said the author; "Reade might not take such a course, but Rolfe must!" The character had "slipped out of his grasp."

It has often been suggested that pens, though their makers are not aware of it, have spirits resident in them which whisper ideas to the author as he goes on. Every writer knows that, though he may sit down at his desk without an idea in his head, he has not to sit long with his pen poised over the paper before he receives an inspiration—confused at first, but gradually growing clearer, until he sees his way to commence writing. As he goes on, the original idea is added to and amended, and by-and-bye his article, or whatever he is engaged upon, is finished. Afterwards, he may be somewhat astonished at his own cleverness. The true explanation of all this, probably, lies in the fact that the brain gets heated and excited, and bears the writer above himself. When he is in this condition, and especially when he is engaged solely with the creatures of his own imagination, he is, so to speak, in another world, where he does things which would be impossible to him in his cooler moments. So that the "influence" of which Charlotte Bronte speaks is really genius of the writer's own creation. Nevertheless, it is very curious that a writer should admit a feeling of powerlessness over his own creations, and, like Charles Reade, speak of them as if they were living men and women.—*London Tit Bits.*

Perpetual Motion.

A slab-sided, mud-covered granger entered a Broadway clock store about dusk the other evening, and, with a peculiar look, asked:

"Mister, is this where a man kin git a clock?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk.

"Wall," said the granger, "what be that ticker worth?" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf.

"That, sir," said the clerk, "is a wonderful timepiece. It is worth $200, and will run three years without winding."

"Great Scot!" gasped the granger, "three years without winding! Say, mister, how long would the blamed thing run if she was wound up?"

A Very Suspicious Cuss.

"Say! I'm stuck on a little matter!" he briskly observed as he entered a Michigan avenue shoe shop. "I want to find out who Daniel Boone was. Can you give me a pointer, old man?"

"Nix," replied the shoemaker, shaking his head.

"Didn't you ever hear of Daniel Boone?"

"Mabe so und mabe not."

"Who and what was he?"

"Nix."

"Wasn't he a hunter or a poet, or something of that sort?"

"Nix."

"Look here, old fellow, you seem suspicious of me."

"So I vhas."

"For what reason?"

"Vhe'l, mabe you belong to der water office, und if I says I know dot Daniel Boone, you believe he boards by my house und raise my water rate. No, I doan know him. Inquire py der tailor next door."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He was an Abstainer.

The Rev. William Lloyd has a keen and exquisite humor. When he returned from a trip around this fall he occupied a seat at the table d'hote on the steamer opposite an obese lady who ate an enormous quantity of pastry, and who frowned significantly every time the clergyman took a draught of his daily portion of ale. One day she leaned across the festive board and inquired loudly:

"May I ask you, sir, why you drink that nasty stuff?"

"To the glory of God, madam," answered Mr. Lloyd, tranquilly.

"Well," she snapped, helping herself to an other jam tart, "I should think you would be an abstainer."

"I am, madam."

"An abstainer from what, I should like to know?" she observed, sarcastically.

"Madam," replied the clergyman, quietly, "from pie."—*Argonaut.*

The Road to a Man's Heart.

A girl in town married a very particular and exacting young man six months ago. His girl friends predicted at the time she would fail to satisfy him, and that consequently they would not live together six months. That period having elapsed and there being no evident signs of any separation between the happy pair, the girl friends felt called upon to visit the young wife and ask her how she had managed to please the young man who had never been known to be pleased before. Mustering all their impudence they called upon her in a body and asked for her secret. "What is the recipe?" they asked. "We may need it."

"Well, I'll tell you," she replied, "if you'll never tell. Feed the brute."

The Post-Mortem Would Settle It.

A Scotchman was so seriously ill that a consultation of physicians was called, but even the combined skill and knowledge of the M. Ds seemed baffled in determining for a certainty the sick man's ailment. After the physicians had left the patient turned to his attendant, a fellow countryman, and asked:

"Sandy, dinna they say what was the matter wi' me?"

"Naw, mon, they dinna ken yet," was the reply, "but the post-mortem will settle it a'."—

A Hard Hit.

Elderly but Coquettish Widow—And this Baron, is a portrait of me when I was a girl. Baron—Oh, indeed! And by one of the old masters, I presume.

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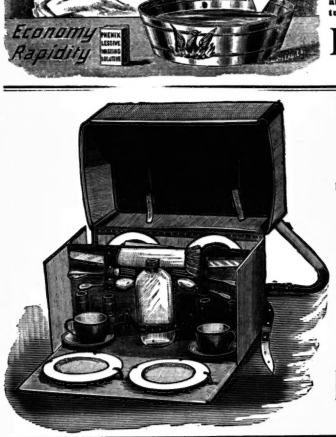

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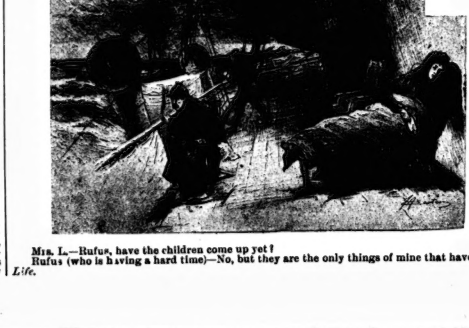

MRS. L.—Rufus, have the children come up yet? Rufus (who is having a hard time)—No, but they are the only things of mine that haven't.—*Life.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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People We Don't Know.

There is a blind man living on our street and I have met him now every day for six or eight years. It is scarcely six months since I found out that he was blind, his eyes looking quite as natural as those of any ordinary person. When I first used to meet him, strolling along with his cane in his hand, and a cold dignified look upon his face, I took it as a personal insult that after meeting him month after month in the mornings he would still look at me with the same oblivious expression. Then I looked the other way myself when I met him, and gave up any idea of making his acquaintance, and later on got in the habit of walking on the other side of the street, and considered my neighbor a very boorish sort of person much given to belief in his own importance and possessing a very considerable lack of discrimination as to my importance. I actually harbored this resentment against him for half a dozen years, and then someone told me that he was blind, and I immediately felt like accompanying him on his walks and telling him how beautiful everything seemed, and making his life a little pleasanter, but it was impossible, I had gotten that idea that he considered himself of vastly more importance than anybody else, and I never had nerve enough to introduce myself to him.

How typical of ordinary life this is. We meet people every day for years and years, and we have no idea of what they really are. Perhaps they are short-sighted, and endeavor to conceal their defect by staring straight at us, and by and by we wonder at their impertinence. They may have that particular variety of ignorance which makes it impossible for them to know others an hour after meeting them. We resent this sort of thing. Edward Blake lost his grip on the people of Canada by being short-sighted, not only politically, but because he did not know his friends when he met them, and they could not endure to work for him in elections and be cut by him on the street. It is no wonder. I don't propose to run my socks off to get office for a man who, when I come up and say "Hello, Bill, how are you?" will turn a stony stare on me and want to know who I am. Nothing so paralyzes the ordinary man as not to be known. If I know a man I am surprised that he doesn't know me, and if any particular man knows me, he feels it a personal insult if I don't know him. The first rule presented to me when I engaged on an American newspaper was to spell every man's name correctly, and have his initials right. "For," said the proprietor, "every man imagines everybody knows him and should be able to recite his initials and spell his name correctly. When he sees his name or initials wrong, he says: 'Who is this idiot who has just come to town and don't know me?'" There is a good deal of philosophy to be deduced from this rule. People should try to remember the names of those they meet. There is much less selfishness in the world than we imagine. It is very largely forgetfulness which passes for selfishness. Everyone does not possess the faculty of remembering a face. The majority of busy people have their minds and lives crowded full of things which make it impossible to keep a mental diary of favors they should return and kindnesses they should reciprocate. There may be a blindness somewhere, which we don't know of, and when they fail to see, and we nurse in our hearts a bitter resentment, it is quite possible to be as unreasonable and ignorant as my resentment at the blind man because he would not answer my glance intended to cultivate his acquaintance. The longer I live the less attention I pay to the reception I receive from people. They may be prejudiced against me, but the coldness, while it may keep us from seeking any intimacy, should not make impossible an intimacy which they may seek later on. There is an old saying, that "we don't like a man because we don't know him," and we don't know him because we don't like him. Those who desire to have pleasant acquaintances—and a wide acquaintanceship is a vast source of pleasure and profit—must make some sacrifices of their own personal pride, brush aside prejudices and make a certain painstaking effort when meeting people in order to make a good impression. The barriers which separate people in this life are the flimsiest sort of things; prejudices, slight remarks, misunderstandings, averted glances, brusqueness of manner, etc. And yet I must confess that while hyper-sensitive people are not always desirable acquaintances many of them have store-houses of kindness, knowledge and geniality which only awaits the tapping at the door to be diffused amongst friends. These things are stored up because they are afraid people do not like them and so they never make an effort to acquire friends. People who are too sensitive are a nuisance: you must coddle them and fondle them every time you see them or they will go sour, and life is too short for that sort of thing, but merely reticent people who are willing to believe in your friendship and take any quantity of pains to retain it, are wonderfully desirable. The sensitiveness which makes them avoid you while they are unaware of your state of feeling will cause them to take pains not to wound you, and many of the most loving friends I have had to be pursued almost with a shot-gun to get within speaking distance.

The little episode of the blind man with which I started in as my text is a good exemplification of how we should take pains to meet at least half-way those who might like to be our friends, for, after a while, when the prejudice becomes rooted, and even when we may find out that a man is blind, resentment is so strong that it cannot be overcome. I think the easiest way is to presume that we can be friends with everybody if we so desire. There is nothing to interfere with this idea except the knowledge that we are unworthy of the friendship of good people, or that we are so boorish that we cannot be tolerated by cultured people. In the latter case we need to rid ourselves of the objectionable features; in the former to so live that our lives won't rise up as a barrier between us and those who strive for better things, and apparently guide us.

As happiness depends so largely upon the friendships we have it should be the aim of parents to give their children proper social surroundings, the effort of the candidate for happiness to give himself or herself opportunities for making worthy friends, the struggle of every business men to cultivate a manner which will make it easy for people to know him and like him. It is a glorious thing to have good friends. One's leisure hours are beautified and embellished by contact with pleasant people. Yet the majority of lives are lonely. I can look back over the past and feel sorry for myself when, so friendless and unhappy, the world seemed in league against both my prosperity and pleasure; now I can correctly estimate the reason for it and locate the blame where it belongs—upon myself. I think those who are just in their retrospect will find the same answer if they have had the same difficulty. DON.

MUSIC

After I had written my remarks on bands for last SATURDAY NIGHT, I had an opportunity to hear that of the Royal Grenadiers, and I feel that I should be doing Mr. Waldron an injustice were I not to make special mention of the excellent playing of his band. He has certainly produced immense improvement in what was, musically considered, a ragged band, and his men now play with precision and spirit that are thoroughly martial, while the finer artistic graces are not by any means neglected.

*

The success of the Conservatory and College here has encouraged the establishment of similar institutions in other cities. Mr. J. D. O'Brien commences the second year of the Hamilton Musical Institute. Mr. J. E. P. Aldous will this autumn open the Hamilton College of Music, and the Hamilton Ladies' College now adds the legend—"and Conservatory of Music" to its title. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lucas have left Toronto and go to the last-named institution in their professional capacity. At Ottawa, Mr. Dinsley Brown and Mr. Rushton Dodd will open a college of music in affiliation with the London, Eng., College of Music, degrees being granted by the latter institution, whose examination will be used by the Canadian branch. We, in Toronto, shall lose Mons. Boucher on this account who goes to Ottawa to take charge of the violin department of the college. Mr. Boucher's departure is a serious loss to musical endeavor here, not only on account of his ability as a soloist, but also as the Conservatory String Quartette Club will lose its first violin just when last season's study and practice had achieved results that were highly satisfactory. Besides this, Mons. Boucher's genial temperament and pleasant personality had endeared him to a wide circle of friends in Toronto.

*

As the gentlemen who are the directors of these new undertakings are good musicians, with youth and energy, we may expect that good will come of their enterprise and that music will be more generally diffused than before. These schools are not mere training schools for future teachers by any means. As far as Toronto is concerned they have been taken up most liberally by those who seek musical education as an accomplishment for their children, and so it will be in the other cities. The keen competition now being produced will make each institution wakeful and energetic, and the very presence of so many music schools will cause both talk and thought on the subject, resulting in a wider spread of musical knowledge and ability. Meantime all colleges, conservatories, and what not, as well as the private teachers, are girding up their loins for the fray next season and will rush things.

*

Another loss to the city will be felt in the departure of Mr. Percy V. Greenwood, who leaves for Boston on the 26th inst. He has secured the organ of the Church of St. John the Evangelist in the Hub, the principal church of "high" tendencies, and may be expected to give a good account of himself in his new sphere of action. All his friends—and they are many—will wish him Godspeed. Our own Mr. H. Guest Collins leaves the Northern Congregational Church and goes to St. Philip's on Spadina avenue, where he will put the music in fine shape.

*

The Philharmonic Society has decided on its programme for next year. Its first concert will be devoted to Max Bruch's Arminius, a fine work of this modern master. The second concert will consist of Wagnerian selections both vocal and instrumental. The well-known tendency of its executive to take up the novelties of the day thus finds expression. I have often wondered why the Philharmonic Society, which spends so much time in the mere learning of the music to be sung, and is consequently not always able to devote a liberal number of rehearsals to the manner of performance, does not organize a preparatory class, which should be taught sight reading and proper singing. Generally the chorus sings splendidly, but how much better it would sing if all its members read music fluently and were fairly good vocalists! Often the rehearsals have been most tiresome to those who read, and who have to attend simply to pull along the masses of those whose singing is the merest rote-work, thus wearing out voice, patience, and their interest in the work.

*

Such a class could easily be organized and would form a most valuable feeder to the chorus proper. After a season or two, the juniors would become so proficient that the main chorus could be made up of thoroughly good singers, and the undesirable material weeded out. Crudities of tone and pronunciation would disappear, and as a number of applicants would always be ready and anxious to join the chorus, a more stringent rule as to attendance at rehearsals could be carried out. The chorus then would lighten the conductor's labors, could take up more difficult music, could sing with greater attention to expression and tone-beauty, and would be a body that would confer a decided honor on those bearing the badge of membership.

*

I am very sorry to have to record the death in Buffalo of a musician who was at one time well-known in Toronto. Mr. Emil Wahle died last week at the early age of forty-five. I had known him from boyhood and never knew a more genial, honest and upright character. He outlined the plans which have given Buffalo a superb string quartette and a splendid orchestra. His disposition was so modest that he was quite content to do the planning and work and let others wear the glory. He was an excellent violinist, and was well-known throughout Ontario, being very popular as a judge in band contests. METRONOME.

The Drama.

The following article, which I have taken from the *Theater*, will stir the chords of memory in the hearts of many Canadians who in years gone by have had the privilege of seeing and hearing Adelaide Neilson. Many residents of Toronto love to recall and linger over the details of the great reception she here received and the wonderful enthusiasm aroused here as everywhere else by the beauty and the genius of this ill-fated actress. And among the younger generation that never saw her there are many like H. S. Adams, the writer of the following sketch, who, hearing those glowing accounts from their friends, cannot but feel a sense of personal loss. But a short time ago in discussing actors and actresses with an earnest and thoughtful young man, he said: "There are certain scenes and certain persons I have read or heard about that I should like much to have seen, and among those I shall everlastingly regret that I never had an opportunity of seeing Adelaide Neilson.

'All along the avenue of life idols are erected—images chiseled by tender unskilful hands; and yet not even Pygmalion standing enraptured before the perfect Galatea was more supremely happy than is the youthful artist as he surveys his latest labor of love. He notes not the false proportions nor heeds he the roughnesses here and there—enough for him that another ideal has taken shape. And that he builds and builds, dedicating with youthful ardor and enthusiasm each finished work. At length there comes a time when he looks backward; but alas for the ravages of time! Ruin after ruin meets his eyes. All in vain the votive offerings; fruitless the undying fires—when once the destroyer touches the loved forms he marks not the difference between clay and alabaster, nor holds he gold more precious than lead. One by one they totter upon their pedestals, and falling to the ground their scattered fragments mingle with the earth of which they were once a part.

"So it is as I look far down the traveled road. I find the same scenes of devastation in the track of the great iconoclast. Yon crumbling ruin that now nourishes the ivy was once a statue fair to behold. Little did I think—. Yet why should I stand gazing at these broken idols when above the ruin I can discern one mirage unsullied by the hand of time? Perhaps it is the halo that floats about it, but my eye can distinguish no imperfection: not a flaw is visible. It is one of my earlier ideals—my ideal actress—and the form and features are those of Adelaide Neilson.

"I was at school when this brilliant meteor appeared in the dramatic firmament, only to pass away—meteor-like—beyond our vision, after a short season, and I was so situated that I could seldom go to the theater. But the fame of the great actress reached me and I heard so much about her that to me she appeared to be something almost supernatural, so far superior to all others did my fancy paint her. Every one was raving over her beauty and her talent—a rare combination—so I soon became fired with an intense longing to see this marvellous woman and the more impossible it seemed to do so the more did my desire grow. It mattered not what she played so that I saw her; for me 'the play' was not 'the thing.'

"And so the time passed until one spring I learned that she was to be in New York during my holidays. I was promised a visit to that city, though I had disclosed to no one my determination to see Neilson 'or die.' At last my dream seemed almost to be realized; but alas! something happened and I could not go.

"Swallowing my disappointment in secret I gave up all hope of ever seeing my ideal. I had read that this was to be her 'farewell season' in America, and unsophisticated as I was I could not believe for a moment that any actress would be untruthful enough to say farewell when she meant *au revoir*.

"Midsummer came and with it the news of her sudden death in Paris. I was shocked, for dying was an unthought of possibility.

"Seven years later I found myself in London. While there I made my way to Brompton Cemetery. Passing through the gate I walked up the central path a short distance, when turning aside a few steps I saw before me a granite cross, and on it this inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ADELAIDE NEILSON,
Died Aug. 15, 1880.
GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL
REST.

"In place of a mound of turf, a bed of flowers, surrounded by a narrow stone coping, covered the grave. It was May and the blossoms were those of the daisy, the primrose, and the forget-me-not. The pale blue eyes of the latter seemed to appeal silently to the passer-by, even as they did to the despairing maiden on the Danube's bank as she beheld them floating away from the hand of her drowning lover.

"A reverent feeling came over me as I stood there. The spirit of my ideal seemed present—a mysterious something that filled the space before me. Through my misty eyes I could almost distinguish a form——.

"But my reverie was interrupted. Some people were passing, and one of them said without pausing: "She was an actress." They passed on, but I could tarry no longer. As I walked away I could almost near the pale flowerets whisper: 'Forget me not! forget me not!'

"In later years I have gazed upon the fair Juliet in the moonlit garden of Verona, and before my eyes has the gentle Rosalind walked in the woods of Arden. I have followed the pale Imogen in her weary pilgrimage through the wilds of Britain, and smiled with Viola masquerading in Illyria, but always there has been the thought of *one* that was fairer yet—to me of more than mortal perfection.

"Faults I know she had, but they are not for me to discuss, and it must be for others to define the limitations of her genius—to me she was, is, and ever will be ideal, and so shall I hold her always in loving memory."

*

Genuine trees are now employed in garden scenes on the London stage.

*

Twelve thousand singers will take part in the coming vocal festival at Vienna.

*

Rose Coghlan opened her season in Jocelyn at San Francisco on Monday night.

*

In the old days Ullman used to be called the operatic Napoleon, but he was a managerial pigmy compared to Henry E. Abbey, who controls the leading stars of the world, comprising Patti, Tamagno and Albani in opera, Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Anderson, Coquelin and Jane Hading in drama, Sarsate, the violinist, the world-celebrated piano virtuoso, D'Albert, and Otto Hegner, the little giant pianist, besides operatic and dramatic companies entailing enormous financial risks and demanding exceptional executive ability.

*

Adelina Patti, in speaking of her career, is reported to have said: "I am not beautiful, but I pass for pretty, that's one; I am tolerably graceful, that's two; I am a good dresser, that's three; I have a way with me that is piquant, that's four; I like my public, that's five, for my public like me because I like them and never tire of pleasing them; I have a good voice, that's six; I know how to sing well—my way—that's seven; I always know my music, that gives comfort to the audience and may count as eight; I act fairly well with the roles I sing, that's nine. What more could one want in a singer?"

The Smart Yankee Drummer.

A short time ago a drummer from abroad called at a Bangor livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten days' trip into the country, and the stableman refused to let him one, on the ground that he was a stranger. There was much discussion over the matter, and finally the drummer said:

"What is your team worth?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply.

"If I pay you that sum for it, will you buy it back again when I return?" said the customer, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, he promptly put up the cash. Ten days later he returned, and driving the four; I like my public, that's five, for my public like me because I like them and never tire of pleasing them; I have a good voice, that's six; I know how to sing well—my way—that's seven; I always know my music, that gives comfort to the audience and may count as eight; I act fairly well with the roles I sing, that's nine. What more could one want in a singer?" alighted and entered the office, saying: "Well, here is your team and now I want my money back."

The sum was passed to him, and he turned and was leaving the place when the liveryman called out: "Look here, aren't you going to settle for that team."

"For what team?" asked the drummer, in a surprised tone.

"For the one you just brought back."

"Well, now," drawled the drummer, "you aren't fool enough to think that I would pay anybody for the use of my own property, are you?" and he shook the dust of the place from his feet.—*Bangor Commercial.*

A Nice Sense of Honor.

It is extremely refreshing to notice the fine sense of honor possessed by some of the rising generation in Virginia City, says the Virginia City *Chronicle*. Last evening two youths, each aged about fourteen, met in the street, when the following dialogue took place:

"Pon your honor?"

"No, I ain't."

"Pon your word?"

"Pon me word."

"Pon your soul?"

"Pon me soul."

"Hope you may die if you have?"

"Hope I may die if I have."

"You ain't got my knife?"

"I ain't got your knife."

The querist seemed to be incredulous, but was on the point of giving it up in despair when a bright idea occurred to him, and he returned to the attack with:

"Pon your honor?"

"Oh," said the other, "now you touch me honor; take the darned old knife," and he handed the article over.

"Well done, Bill," said his chum; "I allus knowed you was a honorable chap."

Thought She'd Like Them.

"I called this afternoon on the family that's moved into the house across the street," said Mrs. Fuller to her husband, the other evening.

"Eh? How did you like them? Think they'll be agreeable neighbors?"

"Oh, I think we shall like them very much. They seem very pleasant, and—oh, those curtains at the parlor windows are real lace. I examined them while waiting for Mrs. B—— to come down. And the carpets are real Wilton velvet, and I think the rug in the hall is genuine Persian, and they've some beautiful chairs in the parlor, and lovely pictures, and some pieces of bric-a-brac that they could n't have if they weren't pretty well off. I got a chance to peep into the dining-room, and everything there is real old oak, with solid silver on the sideboard. I think we shall like them very much, indeed!"

She Was a Native Daughter.

"So you're going to marry old Jones, are you, Maud?"

"Yes, Cicely."

"Awfully rich, isn't he?"

"Yes, beastly rich."

"But I thought you were going to marry young Sprigins? Weren't you engaged?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! But he has gone abroad for a couple of years. I expect to marry him when he returns."

"Oh! And Mr. Jones?"

"Humph! He won't last that long. Nothing like having a nice young husband and plenty of money, too!"

This Also is Vanity.

For Saturday Night.

What are thy charms, poor thoughtless maid,
That thou should'st care for them alone?—
To-morrow and thy flowers will fade,
And all thy witcheries have flown

That velvet cheek of purest bloom,
That form of the divinest mould,
Will know no spell in that dread gloom,
When thou and death have long been old.

And what, vain girl, if thou art fair,
And hast the charms I dare to score—
The beauty all admire there,
Is but a fancy, folly-born.

That wrinkled brow and work-worn face,
Thou passest by, with cold disdain,
May rival thy serener grace
With beauty that has come with pain.

That sun-tanned girl among the grain,
That toil-stained woman, hard with care—
Who shall decide that they are plain,
Or who shall say that thou art fair?

Think not that fortune's fickle arms,
Can only such as thou embrace—
Thy sister, humbler in her charms,
Hath loveliness of truer grace.

Those winsome dimples with their mirth,
That radiance thy smiles impart,
What, foolish maiden, are they worth,
Without a woman's simple heart?

Thy pretty face may homage win,
Thy splendor make the poets sing,
And yet, perchance, the soul within,
May be a warped, neglected thing.

Wake from thy dreams, deluded maid,
Learn wisdom ere thy chance go by,
Go court the charms that cannot fade,
Go seek the grace that will not die.

London South. SAM GREENWOOD.

Wortermelon Time.

Old wortermelon time is a-comin' round agin,
And they ain't no man a livin' any tickleder'n me,
For the way I hanker after wortermelons is a sin,
Which is the why an' wherefore, as you can plainly see.

Oh, it's in the sandy soil wortermelons does the best,
And it's there they'll lay and waiter in the sunshine and the dew
Till they wear all the green streaks clean off of their breast,
And you bet I ain't a-findin' any fault with them; air you?

They ain't no better thing in the vegetable line;
And they don't need much tendin', as every farmer knows;
And when they're ripe and ready f'r ter p'uck from the vine,
I want to say to you they're the best fruit that grows.

It's some likes the yaller-core, and I know I do the red,
And it's some says the little California is the best;
But the sweetest slice of all I ever wedged in my head,
Is the old E inburg Mounting-sprout of the West.

You don't want no punkins nigh your wortermelon vines,
'Cause, some way'r another, they'll spile your melons shore:
I've seed 'em taste like punkins, from the core to the rines,
Which may be a fact you have heard of before.

But your melons that's raised right, and tended to with care,
You can walk around amongst 'em with a parent's pride and joy,
And thump 'em on the heads with as f-therly an air
As if each one of them was your little girl or boy.

I joy in my heart jest to hear that rippin' sound,
When you split one down the back and jolt the halves in two,
And the friends you love the best is gathered all around,
And you say unto your sweetheart, "Oh, here's the core for you!"

And I like to slice 'em up in big pieces for 'em all,
Especially the children, and watch they'r high delight,
As one by one the rines with their pink notches fall,
And they ho her for some more with unquenched appetite.

Boys take to it natchural, and I like to see 'em eat,
A slice of wortermelon's like a French-harp in theyr hands;
And when they saw it through theyr mouth such music can't be beat,
'Cause it's music both the spirit and the stummick understands.

Oh, they's more in wortermelons than the purty-colored meat,
And the overflowin' sweetness of the worter squashed betwixt
The up'ard and the down'ard motion of a feller's teeth,
And it's the taste of ripe old age and juicy childhood mixed

For I never taste a melon but my thoughts flies away
To the summertime of youth, and again I see the dawn,
And the fadin' afternoon of the long summer day,
And the dusk and dew a-fallin', and the night a-comin' on.

And there's the corn around us, and the lispin' leaves and trees,
And the stars a-peekin' down on us as still as silver mice,
And us boys in the wortermelons on our ha. ds and knees,
And the new moon hangin' over us like a yaller-cored slice.

O, it's wort-melon time is a comin' round again,
And I they ain't no man a-livin' any tickleder'n me,
For the way I hanker after wortermelons is a sin,
Which is the why and wherefore, as you can plainly see.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, *in the Boston Pilot.*

Serenade.

There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the purest;
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith's the surest;
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble.
Then her voice's music—call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble!

And this woman says, "My days were sunless and my nights were moonless,
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,
If you loved me not!" And I who (oh, for words of flame!) adore her—
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her—
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lattice takes me,
And by moonlide as by midnight make her mute, as here she makes me!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Noted People.

The Princess of Wales wears 6½ in. gloves. She has rather long fingers.

Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) is making arrangements for starting a new paper to be called the Woman's Century.

The women of Servia of all ranks take an eager part in an organized movement for raising a national subscription to present to Queen Nathalie, the divorced and banished mother of Servia's boy king, a massive gold crown studded with diamonds.

At Lady Rosebery's dinner-party the Shah, it is said, threw his asparagus ends over his left shoulder, to satisfy a Persian superstition that no luck will pursue the asparagus eater unless this rule is complied with. In accordance with court etiquette the Prince of Wales and suite followed the example of the illustrious guest.

The Princess of Wales set an example to women during her visit to the Paris Exposition. According to the well-informed correspondent, Mrs. Emily Crawford, she was only seen about in public in one gown, a dark blue foulard with white sprays, and the bonnet of black lace, trimmed with lily-of-the-valley. Her daughters, who were with her, were dressed alike, and very simply.

Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, the president of Sorosis, is a firm believer in women's clubs. She says: I would advise every working girl to belong to a working-women's union. Women have been too much alone; they have lost confidence in themselves and are timid. Where women enter professions I would advocate their belonging to clubs, for social intercourse, sympathy and appreciation are necessary to women.

No end of stories are current about the Shah. One of the most malicious recounts that his usual method of addressing English ladies was to say to them in his bad French, "You are very beautiful, I like you." But when he met one very distinguished lady whose personal attractions are not to be compared to her intellectual capacity and social position, he said simply, "You are so abominably ugly, you ought to be killed."

Martin Tupper, the poet, is still living at the ripe old age of 79. He has a charming little home, picturesquely situated in the shadow of the great Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He went to school with Thackeray at the Charterhouse, and formed an acquaintance which proved to be lifelong with Gladstone at Christchurch, Oxford. His reminiscences are peculiarly interesting, as he had the personal friendship of such eminent men as Dickens, Carlyle, Hughes (Tom Brown), Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Prince Albert, Browning and many others. He suffers slightly from brain exhaustion, which slightly affects his speech, but is at times unusually bright for a man of his age.

Apropos of the report that Prince Edward is to be created Duke of York, it occurs to one that all the Dukes of York in the past have died either prematurely or by violence, or in exile. One Duke of York, cousin of Henry V., was killed at Agincourt. A second, the celebrated Richard Duke of York, the father of Edward IV., was killed at the battle of Wakefield by the Lancastrians, and his head, crowned with paper, was set over the gates of York. His grandson, Richard Duke of York, was murdered in the Tower in early childhood, while the next Duke of York was the second son of Charles I. (afterwards James II.) who after being expelled from England, died in exile and neglect at St. Germain.

The secret of wide reading in the case of busy men is the utilization of spare half hours. Mr. Gladstone is the great master of this art, as will be seen from the first words of the following note which he has sent to Messrs. Macmillan in acknowledgment of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's Life of W. G. Ward: "In the intervals of my western tour I have read it through with care. Let me thank you very much for placing it in my hands. The subject is one of special interest; and I cannot help saying that Mr. Wilfrid Ward has, in my opinion, executed a most difficult task with singular tact, ability and equity. The fifteenth chapter raises many disputable questions, and I am sorry to differ rather widely from Mr. Ward on the relation of the Oxford Movement to the sceptical movement of our time; but I do not except that chapter from the terms of the tribute I have rendered."

Prince Nicolas of Montenegro is described as follows: "The reigning Prince is only forty-eight years old. Very tall, well proportioned, with a black moustache, with a swarthy skin, and a cigarette between his lips, he represents the Slav type in all its splendor. His is not only the courage of the battle-field; his slow, measured speech is characteristic of the race of which he has the cunning and the perseverance, as well as the contempt of death when honor is at stake; and he stands at the head of a people of which every man is a soldier from his fifteenth to his fiftieth year. He knows Russian, but he can also speak French; he has studied at the Louis le Grand schools as foundation scholar, and he had not finished his studies when he was called to the throne in 1860, when Prince Danelo, his predecessor, was murdered as he was going on board a barge with his young wife, Princess Darinka.

One adventure of dead Bottesini's, the celebrated double bass player, should be remembered. He was playing one night at Antwerp, and there was a full room, and considerable curiosity for his turn to begin. He took his place beside his colossal double bass, and commenced his variations. The public were electrified—and so was the player. No one who knows the double bass could say of the instrument that it was squeaky and shrieky. It has its faults, but at least shrilness is not one of them. The sounds came forth that evening piercing and pathetic. The player looked terrified; his instrument seemed bewitched, and the sounds continued even when the bow was not drawn across the strings. For a moment Bottesini faltered, and then plunging his hand into the internal cavities of his big instrument, he drew it back very hurriedly. He introduced it again very carefully, and took out and held up to the room a cat. The entertainment did not end there. There were kittens to follow.

To the Woods.

Who was it suggested this tea *a la fraiche*? You? Then we should pass you a vote of thanks, for of all the pleasant hours we've passed together, surely has none been pleasanter than this.

What could be lovelier than this twilight time that holds up-gathered all day's best, while night adds promise of her fairest?

The sun is past its setting. The ruddy glow is dying out of the west, but a few rosy clouds hang high in the blue above us; the blue merges into a tender green, the green into a marvelous pale pink, which reaches down to where the horizon joins the wide, still waters of the lake, and they give back again the opalescent tinting of the sky. Far out some vessels, with every sail outspread to catch the evening breeze, so slowly move they almost seem

"Like painted ships upon a painted ocean,"

and near inshore lies one becalmed with sails that idly hang against the masts. There's not a subtle essence of tree or flower, but now is yielded up to those fine alchemists the sun and dew. The warm, still air is filled with odors now, from balsam, maple, pine, and sassafras, the wild rose and the bergamot, and the breath of August's various mints and balms commingle with

"Many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake while others sleep."

From the little hollow near, where even now the tree trunks "grow indistinct in the twilight," comes stealing out the evening primrose's delicious fragrance.

Let us go there and watch its sudden blossoming, when the closed calix seems to burst asunder at the touch of a spirit's wand, and the exquisite sulphur-colored petals, slowly unfolding, one by one, spill out upon the evening air their richest perfume, as if in gratitude for their release. One after another, and with a quite distinguishable sound, their prison doors fly open until on every side tall spikes of lovely shining flowers light up the darkening woods—so strangely and intensely visible that many botanists deem them phosphorescent. Later experiments contradict this, and go to prove Goethe's suggestion that their seeming luminosity is really that optical delusion which, when the sight is turned suddenly from one bright color seems to present its complementary one.

PRIMROSE

And now to wait upon its needs, and bear its messages of love, come flying out, after their long day's rest the hawk-moth and the Sphinx, the death's-head, with the markings of a skull outlined on his dark body, his fitting companion the ghost-moth, and many another of these "children of night," by whose ministrations the fertilization of such night-bloomers is consummated. But should a storm make flight impossible for such frail creatures, the primrose will not fade with dawn but hold its treasures till fairer weather makes possible the duties of its light-winged servitors. In the odorous gloom the fire-flies flash the intermittent light of their shifting lamps, while low amongst the ferns and grasses.

"Many a glow worm in the shade
Lights up her love torch"

to guide her mate's returning flight.

Now, too, as if only waiting that appearance, the whip-poor-will begins his night-long plaint. Last summer I found a young bird with broken wing fluttering on the ground, where it had been dropped, perhaps, by some owl or night hawk frightened from its prey. It was full feathered though not fully grown, since it scarcely measured nine inches; its pretty mottled plumage of brown and cream color and black was all ruffled, its great wide mouth hung open as it gasped for breath, its large eyes were already glazing in death, and while I held it in my hand its little life went out. Confronted so in that serene hour with the perpetual mystery of the interdependence of life and death his race's lonely night song holds since for me a strange significance.

JEWEL WEED.

The katy-dids are taking up their imperious assertions just where they left them off last evening, but for all their strident impudence they are easily silenced. Listen! Mute, you see. How did I do it? Just struck my pencil against this tree trunk. Strange is not it, but just the faintest touch upon the bark—the scratching of your nail there—will subdue their noisiest clamor.

Let us go down to the little stream below, and see how lovely the jewel-weed looks by night, its every tiniest leaf edged round with pendant dew-drops. But little dew yet, you say. Yes, but that little is enough for it. I don't know its secret, but I've seen it dewbegemmed while all things else were dry. See! as I told you. You call it touch-me-not. Well that's one of its many name, spotted touch-me-not, given it, I suppose, because its seed pods fly open at the lightest touch. We used to call it silver-weed when children, for if you draw its branches through the water the leaves gleam like silver, and, strange to say, remain quite dry. The whole plant is beautiful by night and day, with its quaintly shaped flowers of richest orange so daintily swinging among the soft dull green of its full leafage.

There should be plenty of the little blue pimpernel about here, but we would vainly seek it in this dim light, for it is one of the sleeping flowers, and we need to be very familiar with them to recognize them with their night caps on.

Did you find your four-leaved clover? Then suppose we go up to the open again and try for it. Hark! there's a Hyla, one of the little tree frogs,

"That to the list'ning woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

What a cheery, goassipy, confidential little utterance is his soft, shrill t-r-r-r, t-r-r-r, t-r-r-r, among the pleasantest, I think, of all the "voices of the night." I wish we could find one, but they are so like the leaves and bark, among which they live, that it would be a hopeless search. Years ago I found many of them and examined the little cushioned pads upon their feet by aid of which they keep their place amongst he branches.

That's the lovely one-sided pentstemon you've got there. Were there no more? If it were daylight we could find them, but their purple flowers are scarcely discernible in this dim light. What a change since we left this spot, every tint of color, except its blue, has faded out of the sky. What do you think of your clover now, with all its leaves up-turned and folded close against its stem except such as droop lovingly above the sleeping blossoms. Not to shield them from the dew, for since they do not shun the heaviest rain why should they dread the dew's soft touch; just sleeping, like any other tired mortal.

PENTSTEMON.

The great yellow moon, like—nay, like nothing in all this wide universe. Incomparably, peerlessly beautiful she hangs low in the dark sky, no star showing near because of her full splendor, and

"Makes all beautiful on which she smiles."

Off towards the city we see the lights of our boat stealing steadily nearer across the shadowy water, and as if in farewell there comes from the thin woods behind us a sudden gush of sweetest melody from the white throat of the vesper sparrow. Hushed as suddenly when

"A lonely night bird calling,
Drops a note down through the air."

And looking up we see go sailing by that dark marauder, the night-hawk, whose harsh, persistent cry some clever observer has aptly likened to the sound produced in tearing cotton. Then it, too, is drowned in a harsher, louder scream as our boat whistles her arrival at the wharf. D. B.

"Horror Upon Horror's Head."

For Saturday Night.

Not a breath of air was stirring,
And the distant thunder rolled,
While night in her black embraces,
Did the ancient house enfold.

We felt as though we were stifled
In that breathless August heat;
So we stepped through the open casement,
And sat on the rustic seat.

For a space of time we spoke not;
But gazed in the ebon sky,
Till the stillness weird was broken
By a wild and awful cry.

"Tis but the voice of the screech owl,
Said my friend in an undertone,
But I knew the house was haunted—
A shiver ran through each bone.

Then by a lurid meteor,
The chasms were broken, too,
Like a demon on evil errand,
Athwart the sky it flew.

And the wind uprose, and wrestled
With the branches of the trees,
And louder growled the thunder,
And we felt ill at ease.

And like steel the lightning glittered,
And the dogs began to moan,
And the bull, down in the meadow,
Chimed in with his baritone.

And I murmured, "'Tis truly awful!"
And my friend in answer said—
"I can't stand it any longer,
I vote we go to bed."

Kingston. —ELIZABETH CLARSTON.

Syrens on the Seashore.

Flirtation has been brought to the highest degree of culture at Old Orchard. A young man from New York arrived at noon time one day last week, and, after getting his luggage into his room, he took a chair on the front piazza and began gazing down towards the vast expanse of sail dotted sea, with its low-lying shores edged with foam. To the front door this hotel it is an unobstructed half-mile, and a plank walk runs directly from the hotel steps to the bath houses. The young man declares that a sharp little girl of sixteen detected him on the piazza when she opened the door of her bath house, half a mile away. She walked straight up that walk with her eyes fixed on him, and as she came near he discovered that she was a clean and fine-looking creature with auburn hair and blue eyes. He followed her with his gaze as she moved up the steps, and she wore a sort of half smile on her pretty mouth as she steadily returned his look. When she reached the middle step she sank down on one knee with a little cry of pain. The young man sprang to her assistance, asking if he could be of any service.

"I have turned my ankle," said the girl. "Oh! it hurts so! Can you take my hand, please? Thanks."

And with the assistance of the young man the fair creature limped up the steps and sank into the first chair that was come to. Of course the young man lingered, and spoke many solicitous words of sympathy, finally drawing a chair up near the girl and sitting down himself. It was the bathing hour, and the hotel was practically deserted, so these two sat chattering away about sprained ankles and liniments till the crowd began coming back from the beach. All the girls looked with anxious eyes at the little fairy who had turned her ankle, and wondered who the stylish young man she was talking with could be. Dinner time came, and suddenly the girl jumped from her chair:

"I must go now and have my hair fixed for dinner," said she. "I will see you again, shall I not?" and she cast upon him a look of flattering hope that he would not forsake her.

"I sincerely hope I shall have the pleasure," he replied.

Then the girl went prancing off in a manner which showed that her ankles were in perfect condition. Recovering her presence of mind at the door, she turned with a mischievous and coquettish look toward the astonished young man, and limped out of sight, shrugging her shoulders as she went.

Out of the Profesh.

A middle-aged man with a satchel between his feet sat in front of a Canal street hotel the other evening when a pedestrian turned aside and accosted him with:

"Well, are you off?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but you have the advantage of me," replied the first.

"Well, well, but that's queer. We have been together four weeks."

"You—you are not——"

"I am Ka-bush-ky, the Zulu, who can't speak a word of English, and prefers raw meat to cooked. You are Tornado Tom, the celebrated scout and Indian slayer, and are modestly credited with having killed thirty-seven Indians. We both exhibited from the same platform in the museum."

"Thunder! but so we did! Well, what's new?"

"Going home to Indiana to-morrow. The old man wants me to help him run the grocery, and I'm tired of the Zulu business. Too much sameness about it. Have to hold a peach stone in my mouth to produce the guttural, and it wears on my teeth. Which way you going?"

"Back to Toronto. I'm tired of this cowboy business. Public asks too many questions. Fellers come in every day and want to see my scars. I've got Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska all mixed up in my geography, and somebody gets on to me every day for a deceiver. If I start out again it will be William Belding, the Australian murderer, who was sentenced to be hanged seven different times, but who finally proved his innocence."

"Well, Tornado, so long!"

"Ka-bush-ky, good-by, and may luck go with you."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Valuable Affliction.

"What swells your face up so awfully, boy?"

"Jumpin' toothache."

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"Nearly kills me."

"Come into my place," said the kind young dentist; and I'll cure it for you in a minute."

"Don't want it cured," replied the boy; "want it to keep me out of school. It's very hard on a feller at nights, mister, but I wouldn't take two dollars for this tooth, just the same."

He Kissed Me.

Here is an educational incident: "A high school girl being told to parse the sentence 'He kissed me,' consented reluctantly, because opposed to speaking of private affairs in public. 'He,' she commenced with unnecessary emphasis and a fond lingering over the word that brought crimson to her cheeks, 'is a pronoun, third person, singular number, masculine gender; a gentleman pretty well fixed; universally considered a good match. Kiss is a verb, transitive—too much so; regular—every evening; indicative mood—indicating affection; first and third persons, plural number and governed by circumstances. Me—oh, everybody knows me,' and down she went."

Leaving "U" Out.

A clever statistician has just been calculating how much money the English annually lose by continuing the use of the letter "u" in such words as favour and honour, and he estimates that in time for extra writing and typesetting, extra space on paper wasted, cost of type, cost of distributing type, and cost of ink, the letter "u" costs us thousands of pounds annually as a nation. His idea is that we have only to learn this fact to drop the "u" altogether.

A Talented Son-in-Law.

Mrs. Parkside—I am surprised to learn that you have accepted Mr. Golucky. He has no fortune, no profession and is not in business.

Miss Lou Ville (of Kentucky)—True; but pa says Mr. Golucky will always get along. Pa tried him last night at poker."

Easily Amused.

Mr. Cissy—I like that Miss D'Art. She laughed over everything I said. She's pretty, too.

Mr. Levelhead—She has fine teeth.

The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
In a tucked-up calico skirt,
A woman stood at a washing-tub
Washing a flannel shirt.
She washed, washed, washed,
Until the colors ran—
And this was the size of the flannel shirt
When the washerwoman began.

Rub, rub, rub,
Till the weary arms grow numb;
Soap, soap, soap,
With hand and fingers and thumb.
Seam and gusset and band
Gets a rub, and a rub, and a rub—
And this was the size of the flannel shirt
When she took it from the tub.

Wring, wring, wring,
With the washerwoman's twist;
Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze,
With a turn of hand and wrist.
It does not seem the same,
The garment large and fine—
And this was the size of the flannel shirt
When she hung it on the line.

Shrink, shrink, shrink,
While it hangs in the burning sun;
Shrink, shrink, shrink,
Till its usefulness is done.
Band and gusset and seam
Get smaller perceptibly;
And this was the size of the flannel shirt
When it came back to me.

A. H. CALLANT, *in Puck.*

Heart Easing Mirth.

Tittle—What has old Guzzlerre done with that farm he bought?

Tattle—Planted it all in rye, I believe.

Scientists say that smoking injures the eyesight. But the boy with a cigar stump in his mouth can see his father ten streets away.

Miss Vassar (after losing a train)—A miss is as good as a mile.

Mr. Wassar—Better, I think; one can't make love to a mile, you know.

Miss Charity—Is your husband addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants?

Recipient of alms—No, indade, mum; not he. His only failin' is drinkin'.

A girl who had received a declaration of love in a type-writer letter, replied that she was "not to be wooed by machinery." Girls prefer the old style.

Gassaway—Paris suits me down to the ground. I'm becoming a regular Parisite.

Sawyer (who has been paying for his drinks all the week)—B'George, that's true.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat," exclaimed a gentleman. "Oh, pray excuse me; I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply.

Somebody once remarked that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable, the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad, and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

Herr Vogneer—Mein Gott, but I vas all proke up! Vatched mit a corpse last nighd.

Gilligan—Wuz it a wake?

Herr Vogneer—Nein, you Irish shump; id vas dead.

Facetious uncle—I hear you are a great historical scholar, Willie. Now can you tell me what weapons were used in the wars of the Roses?

Willie—Pistils, of course.

"Is he a young man of brain?" inquired an old gentleman respecting a swell youth.

"Well, really," replied his daughter, "I have had no opportunity of judging. I never met him anywhere but in society."

Mrs. Lexington—Miss Kandmeete is very entertaining. Don't you find her so?

Mrs. Madison—Yes, but she exaggerates things so dreadfully.

Mrs. Lexington—Then why don't you lead the conversation on to her age?

Patient—Ouch! Murder! Fire! I thought you said you were a painless dentist?

Dentist—Well, so I am. Do you observe any extraordinary facial contractions that would lead to the belief that I am in pain?

Patient faints.

Steward (in a dining car)—One dollar, please. Have you had any extras?

Hungry guest—No no, not exactly (brightening up—Say, yes, I have, too.

Steward—What was it?

Hungry guest—An extra poor meal.

Nickleby—That's a strange pair of scales you have there. I suppose they are of the Ambuscade kind.

Grocer—Ambuscade? What is that?

Nickleby—Why, they lie in weight, as it were.

Mrs. Champagnon—I was sorry not to see you at our little dinner, yesterday, Mrs. Porcine.

Mrs. Porcine—Well, you see, our new cook sharpened the dinner knives and my mouth was cut so bad that I couldn't have eat nothing if I had went.

A brave little boy found a broken sleeper on the railway line, and perceiving the peril in which the train would be placed if it should come dashing past without warning, sat out on the bank for five long hours in order that he might carry the first news of the accident to his father, who is a local correspondent of a paper published in the neighboring town.

One day last week we were dining at a restaurant noted for its excellent cookery and bad waiting. At the next table sat a middle-aged gentleman and his little son, the latter endeavoring to assuage the pangs of hunger by devouring bread. At last, his patience quite exhausted, the little fellow said:

"Papa, why don't you kick up a jolly row, the same as you do at home?"

Miss Shortmonnaie—How much are these hat pins?

Clerk—Twelve cents a dozen, ma'm.

Miss Shortmonnaie—I'll take one.

Clerk—Yessum.

Miss Shortmonnaie—Well, why do you wait and roll your eyes around and chew the end of your pencil?

Clerk—I was trying to compute the cost of one, madame.

Here is a scintillation of unconscious humor from a crowded street. A little girl of two or three years had been lost and was crying most bitterly, and would not tell any of those who asked her what was her name or address. Seeing the position of affairs, a benevolent old gentleman said kindly to her: "My dear, won't you tell me your name? Do try and recollect. It can't be very long since you were baptized?"

As Scraggs went home yesterday his friends all noticed that there was something wrong. His wife, an unsophisticated young woman, who does not know the odor of brandy from that of onions, met him at the door.

"'Scuse me, m-madam," he said with a profound bow; "d-does M-M-Mr. S-S-Scraggs live here?"

"He does," was the astonished reply.

"T-Then," blurted out the tired pedestrian, "p-please put him t-t-to b-bed."

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XX.

The Thursday of that week was destined to be one of the most memorable days of Katie's life. It was one of those lovely mornings in early February which, although they are most often succeeded by a renewal of winter severities, seem when they come to presage the birth of spring, its flowers, its breezes and its sunshine—a warm, still day, with a touch almost of May in the air and the clearness of June in the atmosphere. Little snowbalis displayed their blossoms along the garden borders, and there was a pleasant twittering of birds in the branches of the trees.

To Burgess' intense delight, the two gentlemen had decided to go out shooting to-day. The late lord had now been dead and buried a fortnight; and, although his successor would not of course have been guilty of the indecorum of appearing in the hunting field at any time during the present season, he deemed, not unnaturally, that he would be lacking in no respect towards the memory of his dead cousin by strolling about with his gun for a quiet day within the precincts of his own estate.

Adrian, who was very fond of his cousin, considerably bored at Clortell Towers since his return there, gladly agreed to accompany him. The two men could scarcely be called friends; for the worn-out and unprincipled *roué* had but little in common with the straightforward and warm hearted young baronet—little, at least, save a genuine love of sport in all its branches. Nevertheless during the last few days they had been by force of circumstances brown much upon each other's society, and, although there were many subjects upon which they differed widely in every thought and feeling, yet, as they agreed tacitly to avoid all topics that might lead to discussion, they did not on the whole get on at all badly together. Lord Elwyn looked upon Adrian almost as one of the family in consequence of his relations to Lucille; and Adrian secretly believed, and almost hoped, that in course of time Kathleen might bring herself to accept Lord Elwyn's proposal, and thus secure for herself at any rate a safe home and the protection of a husband's name. Thus, although they were not at all intimate, the two men were at least on friendly terms with each other.

There was a sunny corner outside the gunroom door at the back of the house, where Burgess appeared punctually at half past ten, according to his orders, to meet his master and Sir Adrian, and to take charge of guns, gamebags, and sandwich-cases, the other men, with the dogs, remaining outside the gates of the kitchen-garden, through which lay their shortest and most direct route into the park.

Kathleen, with nothing on her head, sauntered out of the gun-room window on to the path outside to see the gentlemen start. She sat down upon a low stone wall from which two or three steps led down into the old garden. Kathleen had been in the habit of doing this of times since; but she never saw it without recalling the long past summer night when she and Adrian had wandered like lovers under the harvest-moon, and when she had found her way back into the house through that very gun-room door where he now stood talking to Burgess about his cartridges. She wondered whether he would think of it too; and presently she felt sure that he did, for his eyes met hers for a moment, and there was, it seemed to her, a deep and tender meaning in his glance.

The sun glinted down upon her uncovered head, warming it here and there with gold and red under-lights, and glorifying even the sombre folds of her deep mourning dress, that looked very sweet and lovely. Adrian thought, as she sat there in the sunshine and smiled softly at him in answer to his look.

"Come what may, we shall always be friends," he thought—"friends to the end of time!"—for Adrian Devereil was one of those loyal souls who can learn to be humbly thankful for the friendship of the dear one even though the joys of love be denied to them for ever. There was even something especially sweet and precious to him in the thought of this friendship that was to be set apart in all honor and purity in the most sacred depths of his heart, and which should never be sullied or meddled with even by the woman who was to be his wife.

"Give me your snowdrops, Kathleen," he said, approaching her and holding out his hand for the gift.

She took the small bunch of snowflake flowerets from the bosom of her dress and handed them to him without a word, and he pinned them into his button-hole. Then Lord Elwyn came out of the house, followed by the keeper.

"Now, then, Adrian, if you are ready, we'd better be making a start of it. Where are the men, Burgess?"

"Below in the park, my lord—by the garden gate."

"Oh, by-the-way, have you got that new chap you spoke to me about?"

"Yes, my lord. He seems a decent sort of young man, and understands what he's about."

"That's all right." Lord Elwyn was lighting his pipe, and his eyes were fixed anxiously upon the igniting tobacco. He gave a puff. "Seems sharp, does he?"—another puff.

"Yes, my lord."

Kathleen remembered at that moment the conversation she had overheard between the two men by the woodside a few days before; there came into her mind a vague wonder, which was scarcely a speculation, so faint was the interest it aroused in her, whether this "new chap" was the same young man they had been talking about who had tried for the place of under keeper to her father's time and never succeeded in getting it, but had now been able to get it at last through Burgess' intervention.

"If he is a deserving young man, I am sure I am very glad he has got it," thought Kathleen; and then she forgot all about it.

"You'd better give him my second gun to carry," she heard her cousin say; but she paid very little heed to the remark.

"Now let us be off" he continued. "Ah, Kathleen, haven't you any snowdrops for me? I see you've given some to Adrian! I shall be jealous!"

He spoke pleasantly and smiled at her kindly; she knew, moreover, that it was a joke, and that he was not in the least jealous of Adrian. Something made her blush and feel kindly towards him; she could not tell why it was, but she almost liked him at that moment.

Alfred Elwyn had the most courtly and polished manners; when he chose, he could veil his true nature under the charm of good breeding and an agreeable voice engender naturally in a clever man of the world. Perhaps he repented his roughness to her two days before—perhaps, when he had bent over her senseless form a few moments later, he had felt that it might possibly be his fault that she had been reduced to this helpless condition; and possibly the habits of a gentleman's nature had stirred up feelings of shame and self reproach within him for his unmanly conduct to her. Or possibly, on the other hand, he had only reflected that he had been going the wrong way to work with her, and that, in order to gain her consent to a marriage with him, it would be more politic to proceed by milder measures, and endeavor rather to win her by persuasion than to coerce her by threats. In any case, the result had been the same; and, whilst expressing the profoundest concern for her health, Lord Elwyn had cleverly allowed his young cousin to perceive that he regretted his behavior to her and would refrain from persecuting her for the future.

Kathleen accepted the implied apology in the sweet forgiving spirit which was natural to her. The poor child was so grateful for kindness in any form, moreover, so unaccustomed to it, that she always went half-way to meet any evidence of friendliness. She generously pardoned Alfred in her heart, and resolutely shut her eyes to what the motives might be for his change of tactics; so that, when he asked her playfully for the flowers, she smiled brightly up into his face and answered gaily:

"Of course I have! I will pick you some fresh ones, cousin Alfred. Those I have given Sir Adrian are half faded; but fours and sevens gathered fresh." She ran down the steps and picked a small bunch from the garden bed, and, twisting them together with one of their own slender leaves, gave them to him.

"Thank you, Kathleen," he said, retaining her hand for a moment in his; then, in a lower voice, he added: "May I take them as an offering of peace and forgiveness?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she answered, blushing deeply, but speaking with heart-felt eagerness

"you know, cousin, that I have forgotten it all; and—and—if you were only always as you are to-day, what good friends we should be!"

"I will try, Kathleen," he answered quite gravely and simply; for, in spite of himself, her candor and her generosity touched him strangely and something like real feeling towards her stirred in his hard and self-engrossed heart.

Then the gentlemen wished her good-bye, and raising their hats to her, went down the broad gravel walk together, followed by the old keeper. Kathleen stood still for a few moments where they had left her, shading her eyes from the sun and looking after them.

"Poor Alfred, he is not so bad after all!" she thought. "If he did not want to marry me, I should really almost like him! I am glad we have made it up."

Afterwards, in the days that were to come, she was more than glad—she was unspeakably thankful for it; and, with a deep and unutterable gratitude and relief, she learnt to recall every syllable which he and she had uttered to each other in that little parting scene. Often and often she went over every word and every look, and thanked Heaven from the bottom of her heart for those trivial friendly words which had passed between them.

After they had disappeared, she went into the house again, and, as she passed from the sunshine of the garden into the shadow of the oak-panelled old hall, she sighed. She had a great deal of work before her to day—the time had nearly come for her to wish good-bye to the beautiful old house that had been her home. She had been very unhappy in it very often; but still she had known some happy moments too at Clortell Towers; and she could never forget that it was here she had first known a father's love and had been loved as a daughter by him.

It was all of a piece with her sweet and kindly nature that, now that he was dead, she should forget entirely the many instances of his coldness and neglect, of his blindness to her interests and his failure to make her stepmother treat her with ordinary charity and civility. She forgot how, at his wife's bidding, he had unhesitatingly sent her away from him for three whole years to school in a foreign country, and how he had purposed to marry her against her will to a man she did not love in order to gratify his own ambition. All this had now faded from her mind; she remembered only the exceptional affection and admiration, the kindness of his manner and the tenderness of his kisses—the thought of the horses and the valuable pearl necklace he had so lately presented to her, and the effort he had made, when his own health was failing, to give a magnificent entertainment solely for her sake and for the pleasure of all this filled her heart, and made her sad to think she must now leave the house which her father's presence had made a home to her. And where was she to go?

Adrian had been reluctantly obliged to tell her of Lady Elwyn's refusal to give her a temporary shelter in her London house; and, although he had, as far as he could, softened her hard words and made them seem as little cruel as possible, still the fact remained that by this refusal Kathleen would on the Monday following be absolutely homeless.

By Adrian's advice she had written to the Duke of Cumberland, who was her father's old friend, to take her in for a few days; but there was a Duchess as well as a Duke, and rumor said that the Duchess was both crabbed and cross; and so Kathleen could not echo Adrian's heart-felt desire that the Duke might ask her to make her home permanently in his house. She had however consented to ask leave to stay there for a week until she could receive an answer from an old schoolfellow in the North of Scotland to whom she had brought a change in her fortunes, earning the bread of tears and humiliation in a situation as governess. Kathleen had at once remembered this friend—she was the same who had once ridden with her across the Belgian meadows in their wild scampers on horseback together—and she had written to offer her a home in London; but, as this plan could not be arranged without some necessary delay, she was now awaiting with some anxiety the Duke's answer to her letter.

Meanwhile she had all her packing to see about, and, going upstairs, was soon, with her little Belgian maid Louise, who was perfectly devoted to her mistress, deeply immersed in sorting, arranging, and packing her belongings. While she was thus busily engaged, there was a knock at her door, and Noble, Lucille's maid, entered with a message from her mistress. Kathleen sprang gladly to her feet.

"Oh, certainly, Noble—I should like to see Miss Maitland extremely! Tell her I will come at once!"

Her face glowed with pleasure. If Lady Elwyn was relentless to her, Lucille at any rate meant to be kinder. How glad Kathleen felt! She snuggled her tumbled hair hastily and washed her dusty hands, and then followed Noble to Lucille's room.

"Poor girl," thought the maid to herself, as she preceded her and held the door open for her to pass, "I wouldn't give much for the welcome my mistress is likely to give her, after all the spiteful things I've overheard her say to my lady about her!"

But Kathleen did not leave Lucille time to wonder at her either well or ill. She ran towards her impulsively, and, as Lucille rose slowly from her writing-table at her entrance, grasped her warmly by both hands.

"Oh, Lucille, how nice of you to send for me—and how glad I am to see you again! Are you better? I did not know, cousin, nor yet who it is as has done the fearful deed."

Ah, but Kathleen knew—knew it, alas, all too well!

(To be Continued.)

It Was Jay.

St. Peter—I do not recognize you. What is that bundle under your arm?

Mortal—Only the earth. I—

St. Peter—Walk right in, Mr. Gould!

A Strong-Minded Girl.

The following amusing story is told by a man who attempted to play a practical joke, but was thwarted in a very unexpected way. He says: "I am very particular about fastening the doors and windows of my house. I do not intend to leave them open at night as an invitation to burglars to enter. You see, I was robbed by doing that and I never mean to be again; so when I go to bed I like to be sure that every door and window is securely fastened.

"Last winter my wife engaged a strapping young country girl, and the newcomer was very careless about the door at night. On several occasions I came downstairs to find a window up or the back door unlocked. I cautioned her, but it did no good. I therefore determined to frighten her.

"I put on false whiskers, and one night, about eleven o'clock, I crept down the back stairs to the kitchen, where she lay. She had turned down the gas, and was in her chair by the fire sound asleep, as I could tell by her breathing; but the moment I struck a match she awoke. I expected a great yelling and screaming, but nothing of the sort took place.

"She bounced out of her seat with a 'You villain' on the tip of her tongue, hit me the back, and, before I had made a move, she hit me over the head, forcing me to my knees. I tried to get up, tried to explain who I was, but in vain. Before I could get out of the room she struck me again; and it was only after I had tumbled up the back stairs that she gave the alarm. Then she came up to my room, rapped at the door, and coo'ly announced: 'Mr. Dash, please get up! I've killed a burglar!'"

The Dreadful Piano.

Mother—Tommy, how are you getting on at school?

Tommy—First-rate, ma.

"Mention the names of some of the domestic animals.

"The horse, the dog, the pig."

"Mention some more, Tommy."

"The goose, the hen, and the duck."

"Yes, but I was thinking of four-legged animals. What animal is it which lives mostly in the house, but which often makes a dread ful noise so that people cannot sleep?"

"Four-legged animal?"

"Yes."

"Don't let people sleep?"

"Yes."

Tommy (triumphantly)—The piano.

No Diagram Needed.

A woman writes a column to a Boston paper on the subject, "How to Treat a Pretty Mouth." A man would have thoroughly exhausted the subject in two words.

Fairy and Child.

Oh, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,
To the fairy voices calling,
For the moon is high in the misty sky
And the moon girl is falling;
To the midnight feast in the clover blossom
The bluebells are a-ringing,
And its "Come away" in the land of fay"
That the katydid is singing.

Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,
And hand in hand we'll wander—
Hand in hand, O wonderful hand
Of Balow, away off yonder;
Or we'll sail along in a lily leaf
Into the white moon's halo—
Over a stream of mist and dream
Into the land of Balow.

Or, you shall have to beautiful wings—
Two gossamer wing and airy,
And all the while shall the old moon smile
And think you a little fairy;
And you shall dance in the velvet sky
And the silvery stars shall twinkle
And dream sweet dreams as over their beams
Your footfalls softly tinkle.

Dreadful.

"How glad I am, dearie, that our tastes are so very similar," said Mrs. Honeybun to her husband when they had returned from their bridal tour and were furnishing the flat in which they were to be so perfectly happy."

"We agree about everything, don't we, darling" she continued. "We both wanted carnal and gray to be the prevailing tones in the parlor, we agreed exactly about the blue room, and both wanted oak for the dining room and hall. We like the same kind of chairs. Oh, we agree exactly, don't we, and how nice it is! I'd feel dreadful if we didn't agree, particularly about any important thing."

"So would I, darling," he said. "It's lovely to live in such perfect harmony. Now, I guess I'll hang this lovely little water-color your aunt gave us right over this cabinet, shan't I?"

"I don't hardly know, dear. Wouldn't it look better over that bracket on the opposite wall?"

"I hardly think so, love; the light is so much better here."

"Do you think so, George? Really, now, I don't like it in that light."

"You don't? Why, it's just the light for it. It's entirely too dark for a water color on the other wall."

"I don't think so at all. Water colors don't want a great deal of light."

"They certainly don't want to be in the shade."

"They certainly don't want to hang in a perfect glare of light."

"I guess I've hung pictures before to day, and—

"O, George, how cross you are!"

"I'm no crosser than you, I said—"

"You are, too, and I—I—oh, how can you be so cruel?"

"Pshaw, Helen, I only—"

"Oh, it hurt me what you said, and it has broken my heart!"

"There, there, dear—

"Oh, it has! I—I—George, do you really want me to go back to mamma and papa?"

"Why, darling, you know——"

"Be—be—cause, boo hoo. If you d—d—o, boo hoo, I will. It would be better, boo hoo, than for us to quarrel so over everything, and——"

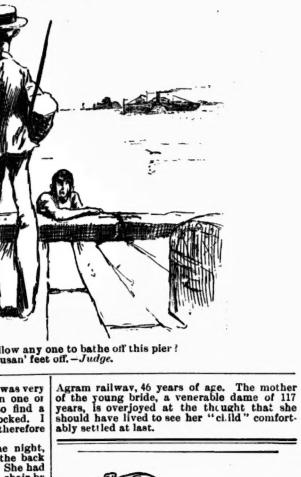
"There, there, my dear, I——"

"Mamma was always so very unlike in disposition to get along well, but I—I—I oh, George, this is too perfectly dreadful!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Interesting Couple.

Bedecked with myrtle-blossoms and attired with the bridal veil, Katherina Dominica, a blushing maid of eighty-three summers, appeared last week in Warashdin before the hymeneal altar. The happy bridegroom was Marcus Mark, a guard on the Czakathurn-Agram railway, 46 years of age. The mother of the young bride, a venerable dame of 117 years, is overjoyed at the thought that she should have lived to see her "child" comfortably settled at last.

Uncongenial Facilities.



Swimmer—I say, friend, do they allow any one to bathe off this pier?
Proprietor—Certainly; 'bout a thousan' feet off.—*Judge.*

IF A BODY MEET A BODY

the result is a collision, whether "coming thro' the rye," or not. *Life* is full of collisions. We are constantly colliding with somebody or something. If it isn't with our neighbors it is with some dread diseases that "knocks us off the track" and perhaps diseases so fatal as to cause especially females to have to bear the brunt of more collisions and afflictions than mankind. In all cases of nervousness, bearing-down sensations, tenderness, periodical pains, sick headache, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration and all "female irregularities" and "weaknesses," Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the rescue of women as no other medicine does. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. See *guarantee* on bottle-wrapper.

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CRUEL KINDRED.

By the author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

Duke, paler than he had been yet, sprang up, thrusting the first paper from him, and snatching up the second with hot, trembling hands. Another, with a nature higher than his, more finely strung, might have forgotten it at such a pass as this, overwhelmed by the shock of what he had just read. But Duke could only think of it triumphantly, eagerly, and of what it meant to him. Of the consequences that it must crush he had in the tumultuous excitement that possessed him no thought. In the impulse of the moment—which prompted him to rush away with it, to proclaim his rights and claim them—he turned dizzily to the door. His hand was upon it when Mrs. Uglow sprang forward and checked him.

"Mr. Duke," the housekeeper cried passionately, "wait a moment—don't go yet—don't speak yet! My dear, my darling, you promised me you would wait! I warned you before you read it—I said you must be patient. Oh, wait my dear! Tell me what you are going to do?"

"I've waited all my life for what was mine by right!" he retorted, trying to release his arm from her grip, and speaking in a harsh hoarse tone. "I've been robbed and defrauded! Do you think I'll wait longer when I have the power to right myself? I will not, I swear!"

"What will you do? Tell me what you will do!" she cried, with all her strength resisting his efforts to throw her off. But he was stronger than she, and threw her off, turning upon her with a violent gesture.

"I'll prove my father's will!" he said, in the same thick voice. "That's what I'll do!"

With an uncertain stumbling movement, as though he could not see his way, he went out. Mrs. Uglow, standing motionless for a moment, ran wildly after him, wringing her hands distractedly. So in a moment the room was empty, and the summer breeze, entering at the open window and gently stirring the flowers, stirred also the leaves of foolscap lying forgotten upon the table.

The door—which had swung to violently after Mrs. Uglow's hurried exit—had rebounded from the very force of the swing she had given it, and now swayed softly to and fro. It was a new and strange thing to see the door of the housekeeper's room open. Any one perhaps in the house would have noticed it, but Angel most of all. Still bouncing her ball in the opposite passage, and wondering to herself where Adela was, she bounched it presently with such force that it rolled away from her, and stopped only within a pace of the housekeeper's door. Angel, rushing after the ball, and picking it up, saw in a moment that the door of the room—which was to her at all times a sort of Bluebeard's chamber—was open.

The child stood knitting her brows and frowning doubtfully. Was Mrs. Uglow, her aversion, there? Should she venture to peep in and see? To Angel's audacity the question was a challenge in itself. She pushed the swinging door farther open, and coolly marched in.

In the childish unreasonable spite and rage towards the housekeeper which possessed her, she would have liked nothing better than to inflict some damage on her property—to break and scatter the flowers, to tear down and trample upon the snowy curtains, to destroy something in Mrs. Uglow's near retreat, no matter what. But a wholesome fear of aunt Olivia and after-consequences deterred her, daring as she was. She stood on the threshold looking eagerly about her, when her bright, sharp black eyes fell upon the leaves of foolscap fluttering upon the table. In an instant the great ball rolled across the room unheeded, and the child pounced upon them. She looked at the writing eagerly, scrutinizingly, with a sharp expression of intelligence. Why, this long letter—the longest she had ever seen—was written to aunt Olivia! Here was her name on the very first page! Perfectly reckless of consequences now, Angel snatched up the sheets and ran out of the room with them.

Where was aunt Olivia? How angry she would be that Mrs. Uglow stole her letters! Perhaps she would send her away—right away—and there would be no need to wait until Adela was cousin Guy's wife. Perhaps she was in the morning room. Angel, clutching her prize and with a smile of malicious delight and cunning, ran across the hall and into the morning room.

Lady Oldcastle was not there, but Adela was, leaning by the window talking to Guy as he talked to her from the outside. Evidently he had just come up. Angel gave a gasp of consternation, and, thrusting her hands behind her, backed towards the door. Adela glanced over her shoulder, saw the queer little figure, and smiled.

"So you have found me at last, have you, Angel? If you fetch that huge ball, we'll have a last game with it if you like, dear, while I wait for cousin Guy." She looked back at her lover again. "Don't be longer than you can help, will you? What can Trobus want, I wonder? It's odd it could not wait, whatever it is, until you went down to the shore."

"Odd enough," he assented readily. "What, ever it is, it shall keep me only a few moments. I thought I would come and tell you because I knew you were waiting for me."

"Don't keep me waiting much longer," she called after him gaily as he turned away, "there's a darling, or I won't answer for my patience! The day is so glorious that I'm longing to be off. Tell Trobus from me that he's a stupid old goose to come bothering us on our last day. By-and-by I won't let you go sailing with him at all if he doesn't mind! and how would either of you like that? I'll wait here for you. Don't be long, mind, once more."

Guy laughed, and went off down the broad path. Certainly he was not better pleased than she that John Trobus should just at that time have appeared at the Towers, desiring to see him upon business so important that he declined even to state its nature to the servant. Lady Adela, smiling too, turned gaily to the little figure with its hands behind it shrinking back by the door.

"Now, Angel dear, where's that precious ball? We'll have a glorious game with it, and shock aunt Olivia if she comes down and catches us. Why in the world are you standing there like that, you funny mite? What have you got?"

Amused, she advanced towards the child. Angel, with one of her abrupt movements, suddenly held out what she had concealed behind her.

"What's that?" asked Adela, eyeing the fluttering leaves wonderingly. "It looks—oh, Angel, you haven't taken it out of Guy's room, have you? It looks like manuscript of some sort."

"It's a letter," said Angel.

"A letter! What—all that? Where did you get it?"

"In Mrs. Uglow's room. The door was open, and I went in, and it was on the table, and I took it," said Angel, breathless.

"You took it! My dear, you mustn't take other people's things, particularly letters. Run and put it back again—there's a good girl! It's Mrs. Uglow's, you know. You haven't any business with it."

"It isn't," said Angel obstinately, refusing to budge. "Mrs. Uglow took it, and that's why I did. It isn't hers at all—it's aunt Olivia's."

"Lady Oldcastle's?" cried Adela.

"Yes," returned the child stubbornly—"I know it is. It's got 'Olivia' twice on the very first page. I saw it. You see if it hasn't!" she cried, suddenly thrusting the sheets into the girl's hands. "She stole it—I know she did—and I'll tell aunt Olivia; and then she'll send her away—the nasty old thing!"

Adela nearly laughed at the childish spiteful words. She would have been hardly human if her eyes had not turned to the paper in her hands, and there was Lady Oldcastle's name! She could not help seeing it, the writing was so very plain. But what was it about—what was it? With a gasp and a start, she turned the pages, and, hastily reading what she was doing, glanced down the next, and the dreadful chill that ran through her veins and seemed to stop her heart-beats, turned her face as white as snow.

"Go away, Angel!" she said hoarsely, with her hand at her throat and wildly-dilated eyes. "Go away, child—go away!"

The child, too scared at the change in her to remonstrate, backed mutely to the door and vanished. Adela sank down into a seat, with the paper grasped tightly in her cold hands, staring at it, horrified, fascinated. Had she really read those dreadful blighting words, or had her fancy played her false? With a violent shudder she slowly looked downward again. No; it was no chimera—they were there. She sat, ice cold and rigid, and read, from the first word to the last, Sir Guy Oldcastle's confession.

The papers fell from the girl's nerveless fingers and lay upon the floor at her feet, while, with a moan, her head fell forward upon her bosom. Guy, Guy, her lover and her love, her almost husband! In her loyal and devoted breast she had no thought but for him, and what this horror meant for him. She clasped her cold hands, giving utterance to the one agonized cry of her heart.

"My darling, my darling, how shall I tell you this cruel thing!"

The rustle of approaching skirts sounded outside the door, and the tones of a clear, full, imperious voice. Lady Oldcastle! The girl snatched up the papers, and ran, distracted, bareheaded as she was, out into the blazing sunshine.

Lady Oldcastle, slowly entering the morning-room almost at the moment that Lady Adela left it, moved in her stately, leisurely way towards the window. The girl's sailor-hat lay upon the floor where she had let it fall. She stooped and picked it up, holding it, and twisting one of its ribbons in her white fingers, unconsciously, as it seemed, while she gazed straight before her out upon the brilliant flower-beds. She was very pale; since her last interview with Gabriel Dwight she had looked older, more care-worn. Had she more to fear from the man, or was she safe now? Where was he? Would he come back? There was not a moment when these questions, persistent, ever recurring, did not madden her.

The door behind her opened abruptly, violently, and she turned her head and saw her younger son standing on the threshold. Her hands dropped nervously, she shivered—for the burning eyes which looked upon her from his white rigid face were implacable, threatening, terrible. And what was that paper in his hand? Had the man come back? That, in her instinctive fear of him, was the worst thought she had—but it was enough. She sank down upon a seat, looking at her son with wild eyes, waiting for him to speak. But not the faintest glimmer of the truth dawned upon her.

Duke broke the silence harshly, advancing until he stood within a pace of her.

"Mother, I have been looking for you. I wanted to speak to you."

"You should have come to my room, my dear. I have been lying down. I—I am not very well to-day, Duke," she said, forcing the words from her dry lips. In her new-born fear of him she put out her hand towards him gently, deprecatingly, beseechingly, but it fell, without touching him, weakly to her side again. "What is it?" she asked, still chilled with the fear that froze her and made her afraid to turn away her eyes. "I am sorry you could not find me. What is it?"

He looked at her, but did not speak. He felt as if he were choking. He looked down at the paper in his hand and then back at her again speechlessly.

"What is it?" she asked again. With a frightened expression her eyes had followed his, and then had returned to his stern face. "I—I don't like to see you look like that, Duke—you are not like yourself. Are you so vexed because you could not find me? I am sorry, but it was not my fault. Surely you can forgive me for that!"

Pathetically, in her sickening terror, she put out her hand again, laying it upon his arm with a timid caress. He shook it off, and started back from her.

"Forgive you," he cried hoarsely, all his pent up passion breaking loose—"you who have robbed me of my birthright and of what should have been mine all my life! It's hard, remembering that, to be asked to forgive you—mother!"

She sprang up with a gasping inarticulate cry. Terror, agony, shame, enlightenment, wonder, and despair all mingled in it and made it as dreadful to hear as could come from human lips. But she tried desperately to rally herself, to speak imperiously, angrily, while her trembling hands grasped his arm and her affrighted eyes looked into his and could read no mercy.

"What do you mean?" she said. "How—how dare you speak so to me? Why do you look at me like that? What——" In spite of herself she faltered, and her eyes fell as the words she would have refused to speak if she could dropped from her white lips—"what do you know?"

He told her. In harsh merciless words, in a voice hoarse and tremulous with excitement and passion, he told her all the truth. She sank down as though each word had been a blow, moaning and crouched at his feet. He looked at her, with her pride and her beauty abased in the dust indeed, and, his mother though she was, could not pity her.

"What you would have done," he said, in a hard even tone, looking away from her bowed head, steeling himself lest if he laid his hand upon her hands when my father died, as he meant that it should, I do not know. Fortunately it has fallen into mine, and I hold the power of rightfully, if she comes down and shame stops my hand and brought the blood to his white face as he again, against his will, looked down at her. "I'm not like you, I think," he said, "considering all that I have lost, if I do it."

She sprang to her feet with a cry whose shrill, harsh note of agony was almost worse than the inarticulate moan.

"You will not do that!" she cried frantically. "Duke, my darling, my boy, you will not do that! I know that I have wronged you, I know that I have defrauded you; but you will not drag me in the mire for every finger to point at! See how I humble myself, see how I implore you, see how crushed and degraded I am at your feet—I who have worn my false mask of pride so well! Oh, you will kill me! I will not live to endure it! Duke, my darling, whatever I am, I have loved you, and I am your mother!"

She fell kneeling at his feet, clinging to him in frenzied entreaty. He drew away from her, hardening again. So, if she could have worked her will, she would have kept the secret, and defrauded him still! he thought.

"I shall prove the will!" he said doggedly. "It is not my fault—I'm sorry, but there's no help for it. What else can I do?" He averted his eyes hastily from her agonised face; he could not bear to see it—his selfishness was not stoical enough for that. He was really sorry for her, but whom had she to blame but herself? He had no belief in vicarious suffering. And had he not suffered all his life without knowing it? "I am innocent," he said sullenly, looking at the ground—"I have done nothing. Why should I be the one to suffer?"

Lady Oldcastle gave one hopeless look at the unrelenting resolution of his face, and sank into a chair. He had no pity. He would brand her, he would shame her, he would thrust her remorselessly into the black pit of ruin and dishonor which she had seen yawning at her feet nearly thirty years! And he was her darling, the son whom she adored! The miserable woman turned away, and hid her face from the light with a moan.

Duke, pale and wincing, broke the silence. This scene was terrible—worse than he had anticipated; but, after all, what could he reasonably be expected to do?

"As I said, mother," he said slowly and in an embarrassed tone, "I'm awfully sorry! If there was any other possible way out of it, I'd take that way. But there is not—you must see for yourself that there is not. You—you can't," he added, irritably, "expect me to sacrifice myself entirely!"

It was not because she had any hope of moving him by another entreaty that she sprang suddenly to her feet. Both recognized the step that was approaching, and both, for the first time, thought of Guy. In a moment his hand was upon the door impatiently and he had come in quickly. He was pale, and looked shocked and agitated, though his face was tranquil compared with the two turned towards him. He was so disturbed that he only mechanically noticed who the two figures were without observing their attitudes or expressions. He glanced round the room expectantly and seemed at once relieved.

"I thought Adela was here," he began hurriedly; "I am glad she is not. Mother'—advancing towards the rigid figure with the ashen face—"I have something to tell you. Something very terrible has happened. I call it terrible, although none of us"—with a glance meant to include his brother—"can of course pretend any sorrow. I merely use the word because it is horrible in itself. Trobus has just come up from the beach to tell me. A body has been washed ashore, just on this side of The Shark's Mouth, and, although it is most frightfully disfigured, there is no doubt from his description that it is that scoundrel Dwight. Good heavens, mother, what's the matter? Duke, what's wrong? What is it?"

He had become suddenly aware of his mother's ghastly look and fixed eyes, and his tone changed from hurried agitation to one of intense astonishment and alarm. As he looked from one face to the other, his own whitened to the hue of theirs; he came to a halt, and every muscle and feature of his stern swarthy face set rigidly. Then he slowly raised his hand, and pointed steadily to the paper held by his brother.

"What's that?" he said.

(To be Continued.)

A First Lesson in Sculpture.

An art patron, with more money than brains, lately called at the studio of Mr. G—

"What a fine thing sculpture is!" he exclaimed, as he took a walk round; "I must get you to teach me. Not so very difficult, I fancy."

"Not at all; nothing more simple. You take a block of marble and chip away with a chisel all that is superfluous, and the thing is done!"

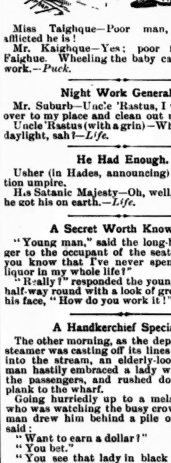
According to Order.

"Waiter, bring me a couple of soft boiled eggs."

"Voice at next table—The same for me. But waiter be sure they are fresh.

"All right."

Waiter's voice in the distance—Four soft boiled eggs; two must be fresh.



The Tre's Inclined.

Miss Talghque—Poor man, how sadly afflicted he is!

Mr. Kaighque—Yes; poor fellow, that's Falghue. Wheeling the baby carriage did its work.—*Puck.*

Night Work Generally.

Mr. Suburb—Uncle Rastus, I wish you'd go over to my place and clean out my hen-house.

Uncle Rastus (with a grin)—What! In broid daylight, sah!—*Life.*

He Had Enough.

Usher (in Hades, announcing)—An Association umpire.

His Satanic Majesty—Oh, well, let him go—he got his on earth.—*Life.*

A Secret Worth Knowing.

"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant of the seat ahead. "Do you know that I've never spent a dollar for liquor in my whole life?"

"Really!" responded the young man turning half way round with a look of great interest on his face. "How do you work it?"—*Life.*

A Handkerchief Specialist.

The other morning, as the departing Cunard steamer was casting off its lines and swinging into the stream, an elderly-looking business man hastily embraced a lady who was one of the passengers, and rushed down the gangplank to the wharf.

Going hurriedly up to a melancholy loafer who was watching the busy crowd, the gentleman drew him behind a pile of freight, and said:

"Want to earn a dollar?"

"You bet."

"You see that lady in black on the bridge there?" said the citizen.

"Cert."

"Well, that's my wife, going to Europe. Now, of course, she'll expect me to stand here for the next twenty minutes, while the steamer is backing and filling around so as to wave my handkerchief and watch her out of sight. See?

"I keitch on, boss."

"Well, I'm too busy to fool around here; stock to buy, biz to attend to. She's a little near-sighted; so I'll just hire you to wave this handkerchief instead. It's a big one, with a red border, and as long as she sees it, she'll think it's me. Come up to 202 Wall street when they are off, and I'll pay you.

"S'posin' she looks through a telescope, or suthin'?

"In that case you'll have to bury your face in the handkerchief, and do the great weep act."

"That'll be fifty cents extra."

The Old, Old Story.

A passionate note he penned her,
And begged her to name the day;
And then in a wild impatience
That could brook no mail's delay
By a messenger boy he sent it,
And told him to "rush it, quick;"
Then waited, and wa'ked, and waited,
While his heart throbbed loud and quick.

"Oh, who is that old, old man?"
"Why, that is Bachelor Gray;
His youngest of bachelor friends
Have gathered on his birthday
To wish him most happy returns."
"But what is this creaky old form
That hands him a yellow missive,
Then, yawn and stretch as he turns?"
"Oh, that is the same old chestnut
The bach rang up in his youth—
The boy with his darling answer:
'Yes, dearest; next June. Your Ruth.'"
—*Judge.*

He Knew It.

"It's a wet day," said a stout gentleman to a stranger in a street car.

"Hey?" said the deaf man.

"Wet day," said the first, something louder.

"Excuse me, I'm somewhat deaf, and hardly caught your meaning; what did you say?"

"I say it's a wet day!" howled the fat man, glaring at his neighbor, and getting red in the face and ears, as everybody in the car looked up from their papers.

"Ah, yes, yes, how much must you pay. Five cents; that's the fare on this line." Whereupon the corpulent individual said something under his breath and got off the car.

"Yes," said the deaf man, gently, "that's the truth man within an hour that's told me it is a wet day. Praps they imagine I don't know it," and he smiled sweetly.

Putting a Good Face on It.

A lady is engaging a new cook.

"Are you sure you don't keep company with any young man?

"Yes, I do, ma'am; but (pig's whisper) he's an awful small eater."—*Judge.*

The Retort Discourteous.

A foolish fellow was taunting a neighbor on the length of his ears.

"It's true," replied the latter, "that my ears are rather long for a man; but how uncommon short yours are for a donkey!"—*Judge.*

A Summer Retreat.

First Floor Boarder (dozing)—Dear me, what a dreadful cough my next door neighbor has!—*Life.*

He Escaped.

Johnny's mother was rather proud of her skill in the hair cutting line, and was very fond of showing it, much to Johnny's disgust. Being nine years old, he was disposed to patronise the barber. The other day, when his mother was making the preparations which usually proceed to the terrible ordeal which he knew was to make him the laughing-stock of his playmates, he remarked—

"Mamma, I'm not going to have my hair cut to-day."

"What do you mean, Johnny!"

"I cannot allow it, ma. I'm really afraid. It's dangerous."

"What on earth are you afraid of, child?"

"Why, mamma," said the precocious youngster, backing into a corner, "I'm surprised at you. Didn't you ever hear what happened to Samson because he let a woman cut his hair?"

His mother was thoroughly astonished that he made his escape to the street before she could say another word.

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Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. They are a source of great suffering, and are liable to appear in large numbers, unless overcome by the use of some powerful alterative. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures these painful tumors, and also prevents them, by removing their cause.

One year ago I suffered from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. I was entirely

Cured By

taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. —Leander J. McDonald, Soley street, Charlestown, Mass.

For some time past, until recently, my blood was in a disordered condition. I was covered from head to foot with small, and very irritating, blotches. After using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am entirely cured.—C. Ogden, Camden, N. J.

I suffered with Boils every spring, for years, until I began taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine effected a permanent cure.—E. F. Lund, Portsmouth, Va.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For years I was afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of my neck. They were a source of much suffering. I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which cured the Carbuncles, and has since kept me entirely free from them; my appetite has improved, and I am in better health than ever before.—O. Snell, Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. By

Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medicine the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine restored me to health.—Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.

By taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

I have been cured of a troublesome skin disease, caused by impure blood.—Wm. O. Vanever, Battle Creek, Mich.

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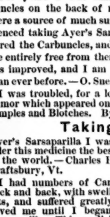

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A Delicate Way of Putting It.

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent. "I finish a good story, and she always looks up and asks: 'Well, what did the other man say?' As she can't appreciate wit, I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a farthing, in which the last words were: 'Has Ernest got over his financial difficulties yet?'"

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Rev. R. C. Caswell, Mr. J. H. and Mrs. Rosenbaum and family, Mr. F. H. Hartny, Mr. R Gilmore, Jr., Mr. A. Featherstonhaugh of Toronto, Mr. R. R. Rodgers of Stayner, Miss L. Brown, Messrs. Harvey and Sid Brown, Mrs. D. Holmes and daughter, Mr. K. P. Shea, Mr. J. Doyle, Mr. R. Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Blight, Mr. R. M. Scott of Toronto, Mr. G. H. Scott of Nebraska, U.S., Mr. L. B. Perry, Mrs. R Rodgers of Barrie, Miss A. Chapman, Mr. H. E. Culverwell, Mr. J. K. Cox, Mr. W. J. Robinson and family of Newmarket, Mr. W. Henderson of Pittsburg, Mr. W. Bogart of Newmarket, Mr. Wm. Gooderham, Ald. F. Moses, Mr. L. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Armitage, Mr. T. B. Robinson, Mrs. Ivens, nurse, and children of Toronto, Mr. A. M. Hunter, Mr. F. H. Crank, Mr. G. Robinson, Mr. W. J. Paul, Major and Mrs. Rodgers, Mrs. Wells and child, Mr. R. and Mrs. Robinson, Miss H. E. French, Miss E. M. French, Mr. J. Deniston, Mr. C. Jemieson of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. John McLean, Mr. E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. A. E. Miller, Berty Brown of Barrie.

•

Mrs. T. W. Coulson has returned from Boston and the sea-side, and will remain the rest of the season at Hotel Hanlan.

•

Miss Irving of Sherbourne street has returned home after a very pleasant visit of ten days with a camping party, who were staying at the camp of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wilson, Lorne Park.

•

Dr. Edmund E., Mrs. King and child, Miss S. Corinne King and Mrs. Franklin Ott are rusticating for a week or two at West Lake, Prince Edward County.

•

Miss Mattie King is visiting Mr. J. P. Wilson at Welland.

•

Mrs. E. Beltz and Fred Beltz of London, who have been visiting Col. N. H. Cole at Brockville, are now spending a few days with Mrs. J. B. King in this city.

•

Mrs. Geo. E. Armstrong of Perth, who has been visiting Mrs. F. B. Allen of Long Branch, left for her home on Tuesday morning, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. Waddell of Brooklyn, N. Y., who were also guests of Mrs. Allen.

•

Miss Florence Bedford is the guest of Mrs. F. B. Allen of Glen Allen Cottage, Long Branch.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gaynor of Church street returned last Monday from St. Andrews, N.B., where they have been staying for the last six weeks. They are very much pleased with that Canadian summer resort.

•

At Monteith House, Rosseau, Muskoka, are Messrs. C. W. Watson, F. Crompton, W. Stirling, Wm. Stewart, Miss H. Cooper, Miss S. Burns, Messrs. J. H. Downey, R. M. Murdock, F. Galton, W. F. Fallon, J. C. Black, F. Burkholder, R. Penchell, H. Ford, Eddie Morrison, Mrs. J. Morrison, Mr. Wm. Pinkerton, Miss K. McDermid, Mr. Boulter, Mr. Lavalee of Toronto, Mr. D. W. Coyne, Mr. Wm. Coyne of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Groom of London, Mr. Frank Wing of Kalamazoo, Mich., Mr. Jas. Geddes of Midland, Messrs. H. H. and Chas. Albertson of Bangor, Pa., Mr. F. A. Cokefair of Plainfield, N. J., Messrs. H. F. Jones, J. H. McLaren of Parry Sound, Mrs. Wm. Kettlewell of Oakville, Mr. D. W. Clendenan and family of Halifax, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Crossin of New Water, Mr. Jas. Cormack, Mrs. F. Harley, Mr. John Mackenzie of Guelph, Mr. J. H. Hann of Stevensville, Messrs. Frank McBaron and F. F. Waters of Lake Joseph, Messrs. J. O. Hymas, and Alex and Hugh Miller of Berlin, Mr. R. F. Parney of Bracebridge, Mr. Alex McMillan of Kinburn, Miss Axiun of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Filmt.

•

Mrs. H. Q. Moysey and family are spending the summer months at their island in Lake Rosseau.

•

Mr. W. E. Davis and wife and Miss Louisa Davis, of McCaul street, are staying with their sister, Mrs. H. Q. Moysey, at Edith Island, Lake Rosseau.

•

Mrs. William Burns and Mrs. Charles Burns are enjoying a month's holidays at Niagara Falls.

•

Miss Cline Dunn has returned after spending two weeks at Grimsby Park, the guest of Mrs. Hughes at Lakeside.

At the Aquatic Carnival.

LAST Saturday afternoon I met the lightning artist of SATURDAY NIGHT on his way to embark for Island Park to see the carnival of the Island Aquatic Association and was prevailed upon to accompany him and write something about the sports of the day. The sun looked down from a sky flecked only with a few fleecy and fleeting clouds, but its rays were tempered by a lake breeze that made those who rowed across from the city "bend to their oars" with might and main. When we arrived at the lagoon in which the sports were to take place, we found the banks lined with a rapidly increasing crowd of spectators. By imposing on the generosity of a man with a boat we were rowed across to a scow anchored beside a dredge a short distance from shore. On the dredge the judges took their stand, and on the scow beside it were seated a large number of spectators. From this point the view was excellent and, as the artist remarked, singularly picturesque. It reminded him, he said, of the Henley regatta. I asked him if he had ever been nearer Henley than he was at that moment. He said, no, but he had studied the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*. To the right along the banks of the channel in which the races were to be, down to the water's edge, the people crowded in two lines bright with animated color. Later in the day when the excitement increased the crowd did not confine itself altogether to the banks, and there is now reposing in the artist's sketch book a picture, which he was unable to reproduce, of a dozen or more small boys standing knee deep in the water solemnly viewing the sports and quite oblivious of the funny appearance they made. Circling around to the left was a string of boats and canoes lying alongside of a boom anchored to protect the course from the wind. These were filled with young men and maidens in picturesque attire. And everywhere—on the scow, in the boats, on the shore—were beautiful women—never so beautiful as in their smart and brilliant summer costumes—and bevys of pretty girls with eyes and cheeks brightened by the breeze that toyed with their hair and tangled it into meshes "to entrap the hearts of men faster than gnats in cobwebs."

"OFF IN LINE!"

The artist was in despair. He turned from these visions of human loveliness and gazed far away over the sedge-fringed lagoons, past the cottages and white tents of the residents out where the Niagara and Hamilton steamers disappear along that straight line where the deep blue of Ontario meets the lighter blue of the summer sky. He fell into a reverie from which he was awakened by the shouts of those who were directing the games. These officers were Messrs. H. J. P. Good and T. Elgie, judges; Mr. W. K. McNaught, referee; Mr. A. Claude Macdonnell, starter; Mr. Richard Tinning, time-keeper; Jas. P. Murray, secretary-treasurer.

The games began and went on but slowly. There were many and long intervals between them, but the spectators were good humored and quite content to sit or stand and chat in the sunlight and fresh air till the next race came on. About half the performance only was gone through, and it was decided to finish it this (Saturday) afternoon at the same place. One of the most amusing features of the day was the water polo, which will be repeated. The canoe and tub races, swimming and diving were well appreciated. Lack of space prevents me from giving the list of prize winners, which has, however, been published in all the daily papers. Some of the accidents of the day furnished more amusement than the features.

A PRETTY BEGGAR.

The ladies who went about with small bags on wire handles, one of whom the artist sketched, were not after butterflies as some supposed, but after the gilded youth, and so successful were they that the Island Hospital for Sick Children is a neat little pile of dollars ahead.

VAN.

Gladstone's Golden Wedding.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE WHEN THEY WERE MARRIED.

On July 14 Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attained their golden wedding anniversary. In this connection we publish a sketch of the distinguished pair at the time of their marriage, and also a latest portrait of the Grand Old Man which has been painted. There is no doubt that the personality of no other English public man is of so much interest to Canadians as is that of Mr. Gladstone. His movements are watched here, and his speeches noted, with an interest accorded to no other politician on the other side of the water. Nor do Canadians forget the prominent

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

and invaluable part which Mrs. Gladstone has played in her husband's life. Beautiful, gifted, cultured and great-hearted, the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne has proved a helpmeet worthy of the most remarkable man of the century; and Mr. Gladstone himself has ever been the first to acknowledge with glad gratitude the tender care and devoted companionship of his wife. Thousands of good wishes have been breathed forth from Canadian hearts for the illustrious statesman and his worthy consort on the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day.

Toronto's Great Exhibition.

There is perhaps not a city on this continent that has made more rapid progress during the past ten years than the City of Toronto, and is still going ahead. Its population during that period has advanced from eighty thousand in 1879 to one hundred and eighty thousand in 1889, being an average increase of ten thousand a year. But extraordinary as this great prosperity may appear, it is not more so than the success which has attended the establishment of the great Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, which is held annually in this city, and which during the same period has reached a point in magnitude far beyond the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. The attendance of visitors at this Exhibition, which in 1879 was about ninety thousand, has steadily increased each year until last year it reached over two hundred and fifty thousand. The number of exhibitors has also proportionately increased, and the indications are that the Exhibition for the present year, which is to be held from the 9th to the 21st of September, will be greater and better than ever.

Although the buildings on the Toronto Fair Grounds are already far more numerous and commodious than any in the country, the Association is expending over $20,000 again this year in providing increased accommodation in the way of new stables on the most improved and modern plans, a new poultry building and many other additions which they consider necessary to meet the requirements of the Fair.

In addition to the great Exposition of Live Stock, Agricultural, Dairy and Horticultural products, Manufactures of all kinds, Fine Arts and Ladies' Work, etc., there will be a much larger programme than usual of special features, of the most novel and interesting character that it has been possible to procure, full particulars of which will be given in the official programme to be issued shortly. There will be an International Dog Show the second week, and Pain's Great Historical Scenic production, the "Burning of Moscow," with grand pyrotechnic displays every evening, and in fact every day there will be plenty to see at this great Exposition that will be instructive, amusing and entertaining. Specially low rates will prevail on all railways during the two weeks of the Fair. Entries for exhibits in all departments must be made before August 17. Canada has in this Exhibition an institution that the country may well feel proud of and take an interest in, as it is one of the best on this continent, and those who have visited many of the larger fairs on the other side of the border readily admit that it will be many years before they can reach the position of or begin to compare with the Toronto Show. If our readers contemplate a holiday trip this season, they will be afforded a good opportunity of making it an enjoyable one if they reserve it for the time of the Exhibition.

EVENING FETE

Under the auspices of the

Toronto Lacrosse Club

ROSEDALE GROUNDS, CIVIC HOLIDAY

Magnificent Display of Fireworks. Grand Illuminated Procession by 250 Bicyclists. Music by the Band of the Royal Grenadiers. Electric Lights, etc., etc. Tickets, 25c.; Grand Stand, 10c. Gates open at 7.30 p.m.

CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE

CORNWALLS V. TORONTOS

Rosedale Grounds, Saturday, Aug. 10

Ball faced at 3 30 sharp. Tickets can be secured at Messrs I. Suckling & Son's, Yonge Street.

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Advertisements inserted in any newspaper on the American Continent at publishers' lowest rates.

Correspondence solicited.

DANCING

MR. J. FREEMAN DAVIS

(PROF. DAVIS)

Will resume classes (31st season) Monday, September 2. Register at the

Academy and Residence, 91 Wilton Ave.

OBSERVE—Last week in the *Saturday Night* we informed you that our Dances and Music, "La Bronco," "Ripple," "Jersey," "La Frolique," "La Zieka" and "Gavotte" Lancers, have been adopted by the profession and are taught in 31 cities and towns in the United States, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Galvaston (Texas), Chicago, San Francisco, &c., &c. You will therefore readily see that it is to your interest to go to the fountain head for instructions, especially when it can be found right here in Toronto. N.B.—We make a specialty of teaching all legitimate dances of society. Experience, 30 years.

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Our Long Branch.

So much has been said in praise of our neat and attractive summer resorts that little remains for me to add in this connection. But I was very much pleased after returning from a lengthened visit to various parts of the United States and the Old World, to find that one need not go so far away from home to secure change of scene, fresh lake air and the life-giving odor of the pines, which latter is one of the most extensively advertised attractions, and deservedly so, of some of the mountain resorts on this continent. Taking advantage of an invitation kindly tendered me by one of the directors, I took a trip last week to a place which was entirely new to me. It is situated on the shores of Lake Ontario, as doubtless everyone in Toronto knows, and is called Long Branch, named, apparently, after our cousins' place, on the other side of the line. This place seemed to me to be so peculiarly well adapted for a summer resort that I immediately secured a lot, on which I intend to erect a cottage. Perhaps you may think I am a little too effusive, but being a Canadian from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, I always feel pleased to help on a good undertaking in my native country.

MAPLE LEAF.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Mrs. Henderson of Bellevue gave a very enjoyable At Home, Thursday evening, August 1, for a number of young people. The hostess was assisted by Miss Florrie Henderson and their guest, Miss Maud Fleming, in receiving and entertaining their friends. Among those present were Miss Hornsby, Miss Reiner, the Misses Mason, Miss Ada Temple of Toronto, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Holmes, Miss Cook, Miss Rasmussen, the Misses Bird, Miss Crawford of St. Louis, the Misses Forsythe, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mrs. Hanbidge of Ogdensburg, Miss N. Baker, Miss Stevenson, Mr. Geo. Fraser, Miss McKay of Orangeville, Mr. E. Rogerson, Miss Sanders, Mr. W. and Miss Spotton, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. A. P. Ardagh and others.

The first hop of the season given by the guests at the Peninsular Hotel, Big Bay Point, took place last Saturday night and was a grand success. The lady patronesses were Mrs. Siddy, Mrs. Poucher, Mrs. Salvator, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Chas. Reid, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Sanford. Quite a number received invitation cards in Barrie, among those who availed themselves of this pleasure were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Nellis, Miss Maynard of San Francisco, Mr. B. and Miss Schreiber, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss Birdie Mason, Miss Ada Temple of Toronto, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Miss Bird, Miss McKay of Orangeville, Mr. Ambrose of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. J. Forsyth and Miss Forsyth, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, Miss Cook, Mrs. and Miss Crawford of St. Louis, Miss Stevenson, Mr. E. Bird, Mr. Geo. Fraser and others.

On Friday afternoon, August 2, Master Gerard Strathy of The Hill had a charming little birthday party, quite a pleasant time was spent by the little people, so many games and amusements were arranged for them on the lawn. Among those present were: Miss Lily and Master Arthur Walsh, the Misses Helen and Gladys Ardagh, Miss Cicil Vansittart, Miss Ida Kortright, Miss Ethel Mason, Misses Theo and Edith Hewson, Masters Hugh and Edgar Dickinson, Misses Nellie and Gwennie Rogerson, Master Willie McCarthy, Miss Queenie Strathy, Masters George and Harry Strathy, Master Rex Ardagh and others.

Miss May Spry has returned home after spending several weeks with relatives in Windsor.

Mr. W. Alves Boys has been visiting relatives in Guelph.

Miss Ada Temple of Toronto has been visiting at Mrs. Geo. J. Mason's of Harr Hall.

Mr. Frank Baker of New York is spending his holidays in town.

Mr. J. S. Porter of the Bank of Toronto of Toronto is holidaying here, his old friends are glad to see him again.

Miss Hutchinson of London has been the guest of Mrs. Percy Nellis.

Miss Hillary of Toronto has been staying with Mrs. B. Nicholson of Cosynook.

OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Patullo of Woodstock, the Misses Biggar, Mrs. Richardson, and Mr. J. Smith of the Institute went to Montreal by steamer Alexandria on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Corby returned from their European trip last week. Mrs. Corby enjoys renewed health, which is pleasant news to her friends.

Miss Mary Falkiner gave an impromptu dance on Tuesday evening for Miss Ethel Clarke, who is the guest of Miss Edith Simpson. A very pleasant evening was spent under Ballyrickard's hospitable roof.

Ald. Porter and Mrs. Porter are at Massassaga Park.

Mr. T. Carman and family have returned from their outing in the Cosette.

Mrs. and Miss Burdette intend leaving soon for a long visit to Dr. H. Burdette of St. Paul.

S. B. Burdette, M.P., has gone to the Rockies on a pleasure trip.

PORT HOPE.

The Port Hope Summer Dramatic Club have been giving musical evenings, dances, tableaux and charades, etc., during the last two weeks. The dance given at Judge Benson's was a great success, and was attended more particularly by the younger members of the club. On Wednesday last the whole club turned out in full force to attend the tableaux and charades held at the Blue Stone house, where Mrs. Smith and her niece, Miss Chisholm, received the club in their hospitable way. The most striking tableau was that of The Babies, and was admirably represented by Mrs Machray, Miss Ruby Smith and Miss Sybil Seymour. The audience were treated to all "sorts and styles" of babies, all, of course, being lovely little things, there being the large bouncing baby and the small, tiny one. The charade called "The Novice" was particularly pretty and well sustained throughout. Miss Ruby Smith, one of the babies, made an interesting novice. The club intend giving some theatricals on the 14th inst., which promise to be of first-class order.

Deeply Stirred.

Deacon Drylones (enthusiastically)—Does not this congregational singing stir you up?

Prof. Note (a musician)—Stir me up! Indeed it does. Makes me swear.

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Births.

BUNKER—On July 31, at Toronto, Mrs. A. E. Bunker—a son.

CASE—On August 1, at Petrolea, Mrs. Reginald Case—a son.

DUTHIE—On July 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Geo. Duthie, jr.—a son.

HURST—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Aubrey O. Hurst—a daughter.

MEDLAND—On July 31, at Toronto, Mrs. C. P. Medland—a son.

SENIOR—On July 31, at Toronto, Mrs. W. C. Senior—a daughter.

WAUGH—On July 31, at Detroit, Mrs. W. S. Waugh—a son.

CROWTHER—On August 3, at Toronto, Mrs. Jas. Crowther—a son.

HALLOWELL—On August 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles G. Hallowell—a son, still-born.

DEWAR—On August 2, at Berlin, Ont., Mrs. D. B. Dewar—a daughter.

WALLACE—On August 4, at Toronto, Mrs. Wellington Wallace—a daughter.

ROWNTREE—On August 4, at Humberford, Mrs. Wm. H. Rowntree—a daughter.

LEVACK—On August 4, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. Levack—a daughter.

CARLING—On August 6, at Exeter, Mrs. Thos. Carling—a daughter.

BLACKSTOCK—On July 30, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Blackstock—a daughter.

CREELMAN—On August 4, at Toronto, Mrs. A. B. Creelman—a daughter.

Marriages.

ANDERSON—SCHOENAN—On July 31, at Midway, Ont., Christopher Anderson of Virden, Man., to Carrie Schoenan.

ARTHUR—DELMAGE—On July 31, at St. Marys, E. C. Arthur, A. M., M. D., of Lloydtown, to Bella Delmage.

COOK—NIGHTINGALE—On July 31, at Rosedale, Toronto, William V. Cook, to Lily J. Nightingale.

KEATING—FOSTER—On August 1, at Toronto, Thomas Anchesty Keating of Guelph, to Leonora Medland Foster of Guelph, Ont.

SCHOENAN—FERGUSON—On July 24, at Sunderland, Ont., J. A. Schoenan of Virden, Man., to Lizzie Ferguson of Sunderland.

TECTOR—WARREN—On July 16, at Montreal, William Tector late of Toronto, to H. Louise Warren of Montreal.

DUNCOMBE—MERRITT—On July 30, at Waterford, Tyrrell H. Duncombe of St. Thomas, to Nettie Maud Merritt.

HOPPER—DULMADGE—On July 31, at Streetsville, S. T. Hopper, R. A., of Streetsville, to Mildred Dulmadge.

WEBBER—JONES—On August 6, at Toronto, John Henry Webber, to Alice Maud Jones.

FORES—WOOD—On July 27, at Quebec, Henry William Fores of Boscombe road, London, W., England, to Ellen Mary Kersley Wood of Andover, Hants, England.

BACHE—FORBES—On July 31, at Toronto, Arthur D. Bache to Margaret Forbes.

HELM—MERCER-ADAM—On August 7, at Toronto, Henry Paul Helm to Jane Lovell Mercer-Adam.

SCOTT—RITCHIE—On August 6, at Eglinton, Dr. A. Y. Scott, science master of Upper Canada College, to Miss Maggie Ritchie.

BALDWIN—KILVERT—On August 7, at Hamilton, David Cecil Baldwin of Toronto to Fanny Kilvert of Hamilton.

BURNS—BARRY—On August 7, at Toronto, Stephen Wellesley Burns to Adelaide Barry.

WILLSON—SLOAN—On July 1, at Roche's Point, Herbert C. Willson to Hanna Sloan, both of Churchill.

Deaths.

BESCOBY—On August 2, at Eglinton, Edward Bescoby, aged 88 years.

CUMMER—On August 3, at Willowdale, Mrs. Mary Ann Cummer, aged 72 years.

EWING—On July 31, at Sturgeon Point, by drowning, W. Caven Ewing of Collingwood, aged 20 years.

EVANS—On August 2, at Bolton, Lieut.-Col. George Evans, aged 79 years.

GRADY—On August 3, at Parkdale, John Standish Grady, aged 52 years.

NEWELL—On August 4, at Toronto, Mrs. James Newell, aged 71 years.

MacMURCHY—On August 5, at Youghal, near Bathurst, New Brunswick, Mrs. Archibald MacMurchy.

PARMENTER—On August 2, at Gananoque, Charles L. Parmenter, aged 44 years.

DENOVAN—On August 6, at West Toronto Junction, Emily Cornwall Denovan, aged 11 months.

HARRISON—On August 2, at Toronto, Lillian Mary Harrison.

FERGUSON—On August, 2, at Toronto, Charles Leslie Ferguson, barrister, aged 38 years.

McCONNELL—On August 2, at Hamilton, Rev. S. McConnell.

BUCHANAN—On August 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Emilie L. Buchanan.

SWAN—On July 31, at Edinburgh, Scotland, Mrs. Isabella Stiels Swan, aged 80 years.

WALSH—At Toronto, Mrs. A. M. Walsh, aged 70 years.

DUNN—On August 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Jonathan Dunn, aged 60 years.

STEET—On July 27, at Stratford, Mrs. James Steet, aged 78 years.

HORNER—On August 7, at Rouse's Point, N. Y., William G. Horner, late of Woodbridge, Ont., aged 23 years.

LANGSTAFF—On August 5, at Richmond Hill, James Langstaff, M. D., aged 64 years.

TRENT—At Maplehurst, Sutton West, Mrs. Mary Trent, aged 89 years.

CARSCADDEN—On August 5, at Galt, J. Ellis Carscadden, aged 17 years.

WILSON—On August 6, at Toronto, Charlotte B. S. (Lottie), Wilson, aged 18 years.

MCGARRY—On August 5, at Toronto, John Joseph, infant son of John and Maggie McGarry.

GIBSON—On August 4, at Toronto, Elizabeth Wilson Gibson (Bessie), aged 17 years.

RICHARDSON—On August 6, at Anerley, London, England, John A. Richardson of Toronto, aged 61 years.

SMITH—On August 7, at Toronto, Janet Edith, infant daughter of Robert and Mary Smith.

ROSS—On August 7, at Toronto, Louise Ross, aged 10 years.

GREEN—On August 7, at Toronto, Norman, infant son of William and Lotta Green.

HUNTER—On August 7, at Unionville, Everett E. G. infant son of Geo. E. and Minnie Hunter of Orillia.

HAMMETT—On August 7, at Toronto, Annie E. Hammett, aged 18 years.

MORELL—On August 6, at Toronto, Fannie Morell.

CARSWELL—On August 5, at Buffalo, Edward Albert Carswell aged 23 years.

DENISON—On August 6, at Orangeville, Gerald Evelyn, infant son of R. E. and G. W. Denison.

LAIDLAW—On August 7, at Victoria Road, George Laidlaw of Toronto, aged 61 years.

SPEER—On August 7, at Toronto, Mary Speer, aged 18 years.

KAY—On August 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Kay, aged 67 years.

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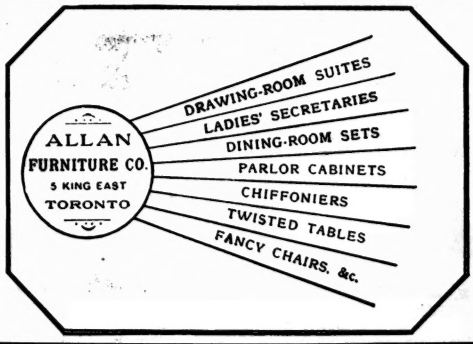

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